

# The American Girl

A Magazine for Girl Scouts and Girls Who Love Scouting

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AUGUST, 1921

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One Dollar and Half per year



Paul Thompson

*Vacation Number*

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For Price List of Flags See Page 31

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NEW YORK CITY

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- First Aid Kit, complete (metal box), given for 9 subscriptions
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How many Scouts  
have won the  
Scribe's Badge?

THE AMERICAN  
GIRL would like to  
hear from our good  
writers, and prom-  
ises to fill the mid-  
dle page with the best work you  
send in.

Following our habit of always  
joining forces with other organiza-  
tions when possible, the Girl Scouts  
have been lucky enough to win the  
interest of the League of American  
Pen Women, an association of pro-  
fessional writers with branches in  
nearly all the States. We plan to  
have a list of these writers at Na-  
tional Headquarters, available to all  
Captains and Councillors, whose  
Scouts wish to be tested for the  
Scribe's Badge, but do not know any  
professional writer to whom to apply.

We must not, of course, trespass  
too heavily upon the time of these  
busy women, and we shall have to ar-  
range to have the test material sent

only at given intervals, and to have  
the questions connected with the  
original work taken care of locally.  
But all these details can be worked  
out with practice.

This plan has been made possible  
by the interested co-operation of Mrs.  
Edna M. Colman, once Local Direc-  
tor of the Girl Scouts of Washing-  
ton, D. C., and always interested in  
Scouting.

She has kindly promised, also, that  
any Scouting territory which is not  
covered by the officer of the corre-  
sponding "American Pen Women's"  
district, need not feel left out of the  
scheme, because any material from  
such places will be judged by the  
magazine staff of *The Penwoman* at  
Washington, of which Mrs. Colman  
is editor.

This will take a little time to set  
in motion, so do not begin to send in  
material until September, at earliest.

And remember, that real, original  
power in writing is the test here. The  
test is meant to bring out real liter-  
ary merit, not simply to add another  
badge to an ambitious girl's sleeve!



What plays has  
your troop acted?  
Or perhaps you  
haven't even tried a  
play. Our records  
show that the most  
interesting way of  
raising money for

Scouting is, beyond doubt, the get-  
ting up of a good play. The girls  
enjoy it more than anything else, ap-  
parently, which would be quite  
enough of a reason, even if there is  
no other, and in the matter of a  
successful money return, there seems  
to be nothing to equal it.

The great success of our "Girl  
Scout Play No. 1," *The Taming of  
Horrors*, is known to many of you.  
Over a thousand extra copies of THE  
AMERICAN GIRL were printed to sup-  
ply the demand, and the girls are  
still writing to know when they may  
expect it in book form. This play,  
as also the fairy play *The First of  
May*, "Girl Scout Play No. 2," will  
soon be available through a regular  
publisher, and now we have the  
pleasure of offering you *Converting  
Mrs. Noshuns*, "Girl Scout Play No.  
3." This play has the magnificent  
record of having earned \$2,000.00  
for the Scouts of Colorado Springs,  
for whom it was written, and by  
whom it was produced. Patriotic  
tableaux were shown in connection  
with the entertainment, and a large  
cast of 300 girls were used, but nei-  
ther of these advantages is absolute-  
ly necessary, as a good trainer will  
see that much of the exhibition Scout

work can be left out and this part  
of the play adapted to the size and  
abilities of the troop.

Of course it would be foolish to  
try to give this play unless the Scouts  
were prepared to show the audience  
that they can do *some* of the things  
that we who speak and write so  
much for the movement are always  
telling our audiences and our read-  
ers that Girl Scouts can do! But  
you will readily see what *must* be  
done and then, for the rest, exchange  
what you *can* do for what you *can't*!

We think that this is the brightest,  
most telling play we have had sub-  
mitted to us yet, and aside from be-  
ing a very amusing play to act, with  
a good chance for comedy, it will  
give a very clear idea to any audi-  
ence of the great possibilities of  
Scouting in your town.

All girls love Scouting; there is  
no difficulty in getting girls. We all  
know that what we need is Captains  
for the thousands of girls who want  
to start troops, and clever, interest-  
ed women to help us out on the  
Councils.

We believe that if you give this  
play with any kind of snap and go  
and style, you can not only fill your  
treasury, but interest everyone who  
sees the play in Scouting and what  
Scouting can do.

So try it out this summer and send  
us some good photographs of the  
results!

## PRODUCING AMATEUR ENTERTAINMENTS

BY HELEN FERRIS

This book will be of special value  
to Girl Scout Leaders who are anx-  
ious for hints on amusements and  
entertainments for the scouts. It will  
be a splendid help to every Girl  
Scout Captain not only during the  
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## DR. TAM O'SHANTER

BY MABEL L. ROBINSON

Every Girl Scout will agree with  
us, in thinking that Margaret Stan-  
ton should have been a Girl Scout,  
after she reads Dr. Tam O'Shanter.  
Certainly Margaret faithfully kept  
our Sixth Law. Dr. Tam O'Shanter,  
a splendid collie dog, goes to college  
with his mistress and scampers from  
one jolly adventure to another with  
her and her friends. This book may  
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# The Story of a Visit to a Farm—

## PEGGY'S SUMMER

By Josephine Daskam Bacon

Illustrated By Thelma Gooch



HIS letter, Peggy," said the Mater, looking somewhat doubtfully over her glasses, "is from your Aunt Margaret."

"Is it?" Peggy swung her feet carelessly "Did you know, Mater, that Win Richardson is going to be at the Farms with us through August? Her mother has taken the Underhill's house."

The Mater looked a little embarrassed.

"Er—Peggy, dear, that's just the question: Do you count very much on going to the Farms? Would you be disappointed—"

"Yes, I should!" interrupted Peggy, shortly.

There was a pause. Peggy shook her thick red braid over her blue shirtwaist, and bit the end of it, as was her habit when vexed. Her mother sighed. Into the middle of the pause strolled Richard, the peacemaker, who was not the oldest of six for nothing, and who knew from afar the signs of coming trouble.

"Well, Peggums, what's up?" he inquired, genially.

Peggy's gray eyes turned slowly darker. Her chin grew square.

"For three years," she began, tragically, "I've been cheated out of The Farms. Year before last I was young enough to go to the shore with the children. The next year Ethel was sick, and I had to go with her to Grandmother's. The room had to be given up to your old chum last year, because he took you to Maine. Now that I'm seventeen and nobody's sick and I can have Janet's room, something turns up. I don't think it's fair, and, if it's Grandmother's I just won't go! So there!"

"But it's not Grandmother's," said the Mater, mildly, "and if you'll only listen, Peggy—"

Dick sat down in the morris-chair and pulled Peggy into his lap. Then he wound her braid lightly around her mouth, and, holding her down with one arm, made a polite gesture with the other.

"We're all attention, Mater," he remarked. "Proceed!"

"She's your father's oldest sister," said the Mater, with a grateful smile at Dick, "and she was named for his mother—just like Peggy. We've never seen anything of her, Pater and I, since we were married. She's sort of an invalid, I believe, and lives very quietly in an old farm-house in New Hampshire. She gave Peggy her silver mug and that coral cross, and now she writes that she'd like to have her for the summer, if we can spare her."

"Ugh!" Peggy tore away from the braid. "She didn't mean to be sarcastic, I suppose, but she doesn't know that I'm easier spared than not, apparently! A farm in New Hampshire! Let Ethel go!"

"Now, Peggy, dear, be reasonable! She hasn't asked Ethel. And as for sparing you—you ought to remember that you are the third girl and that Janet and Ethel come first, naturally. If only you could see, child dear, that being younger only means that you have more time before you!"

"Think, Margaret," whispered Dick, sepulchrally, "that when you are sixty-nine you may sport at The Farms unchallenged! What bliss!"

Peggy giggled, hysterically. The Mater went on more earnestly.

"And it seems so very fortunate just now, you see. The twins could have your room, and Pater doesn't feel that he can really afford to send them to the shore this year because he has to send Aunt Grace, too, when they go. And they're old enough not to be in the way, now, and—"

"And I'm old enough to be out of it!" uttered Peggy, crossly.

Dick pulled her hair gently and hugged her a little.

"It's too bad, Peggums," but I'm afraid you've got to," he said, confidentially. The Mater took the hint and left the room.

"I know just how you feel, old girl, and I know you had your plans laid for The Farms, but you know the Pater's in sort of a tight place this summer, and we've got to back him up. I'm not so dead set on staying at The Farms, myself, but when the Richardson boys wanted a tutor, I knew I ought to go. You see, that will pay quite a little toward my

Senior expenses. And six is a pretty big family, and it's hard to get things planned out, sometimes. Now with you and Janet asked away for the summer, and the boys here with us, quite a lot will get saved. Now don't you cry, Peg, you'll spot my tie!"

"Of course I will, Dick, dear—go, I mean—but it seems as if I was the only one to go to all the horrid places! Grandmother's and this and—Oh, all my new clothes! That lovely green organdie—and only cows to see it!"

"There, there, spot it if you want! You're a brick, Peggy, and I suppose it's tougher than they realize! Maybe you feel the way I did when I couldn't go to Washington with the fellows last Easter—do you suppose it's the same thing?"

Peggy hugged and thanked Heaven for such a brother.

"Y-yes! I s'pose it's just the s-same!" she moaned.

"And I'll come for a week, dear, along about the middle, when you feel the worst, and play with you—I suppose the old lady'll let me; I can sleep in the attic—and we'll tramp about and take our lunch, and maybe there'll be fishing—"

"Oh, Dick, how dear you are! Will you really? Then I won't say another word!"

The Mater passed by the door a little later and smiled to herself as she caught the talk of the rods and reels and wading-boots. Peggy was Dick's pet sister.

As the preparations for The Farms went on, and the twins grew boisterous at the prospect of the lake and the stream and the donkey-carts and the clam-bakes, while Ethel importantly started a list of fascinating engagements and the Pater collected his golf things, Peggy's spirits drooped visibly, and any reference to Aunt Margaret proved a too efficient damper to conversation. But she tried her best, and whenever she saw the Richardson boys and remembered the long, hot hours that Dick would pass with them digging at Greek and mathematics, she scolded herself into something approaching amiability.

Only once did she burst into angry tears, when Ethel thoughtlessly

begged her for a treasured lace collar.

"Oh, come, Peggy, you won't need that up there!" she urged. "How will the natives know if you wear your last year's clothes? They don't know that lace is awfully stylish this year, do they? I'd wear gingham all day, if I were you—do give it to me!"

Peggy's eyes flashed, and she drew herself up to an astonishing height.

"I'd be ashamed to go to a place and not to take my nice things!" she announced, bitterly. "I shall wear just what I would at The Farms! She's as much my aunt as Aunt Grace, and one of the reasons I'm going is that she was so kind to her father—Mater said she was! And I shall change my dress every afternoon!"

Peggy's rain was never far from her thunder, and the Mater, coming in just then, found her wiping her eyes on the collar, while Ethel cowered under the unsparing rebuke of indignant Dick.

"—And she's quite right, too, and looks at the thing decently. I swear I'd rather have her represent the family than anybody else! Perhaps you didn't hear that Aunt Margaret helped the Pater through college—? Look here, Peggums, if you'll stop that I'll give you that big blue four-in-hand of mine!"

There were crumbs of comfort by way, for Pater sent her wheel up ahead of her; Dick lent her his second-best jointed rod; Mother made her a fascinating shade-hat; and Ethel, in a penitent mood, offered her saddle and riding-habit in case there should be anything to ride on the farm. She was even able to laugh when the twins solemnly presented her with their miniature garden set, saying that Dick had said she'd probably rake the hay and milk the cows, and that these might prove useful to her! And when Dick's chum, Arthur, sent her a spirited pen-and-ink sketch wherein a lanky, barefoot maiden in a gingham sunbonnet picked berries into an enormous tin pail over the title, "A Square Peg in a Round Hole," she promised to passepartout it and hang it in the library. They were all very kind to her and promised to write often, and there was a great deal in having the Pater tell her that she'd never disappointed him yet, she confided to Dick.

She folded the green organdie into the trunk with a sigh and dropped a tear on the new shade-hat; it would have been so jolly to wear it on the rocks with Win Richardson! Win pitied her very much.

But she left them at the station

with a brave smile, and answered Dick's warning not to let the ice freeze in her pitcher—as it always did in the country—and not to mind eating cold greens, with the kindly advice not to try to teach the Richardson boys *much* more than he knew, and then the train rolled away.

She knew they would laugh at her if she confided to them her schemes for studying "lots of French," writing essays enough for next winter, and making most of her Christmas presents, but she began detailed plans for all these on the train, with intervals of wonder about the aunt she had never seen. She was kindly, to begin with; her letter had been very sweet and simple. She had a sense of humor, or she would never have called herself "a dull old lady;" nobody who was really dull would have said that. And she appreciated the condition of things, evidently, for she had assured the Mater that she would do her best to entertain her namesake in any of the simple ways at her command. Dick had suggested quilting bees and huskings, but the Pater had said he doubted that.

The hot day wore on through noon to evening. She was dusty and tired of the cars, and hungry enough to long for the "cold greens" that Dick had foreseen to be her portion. What were the rest doing now? Eating supper on the rocks, presumably, and Dick was playing the mandolin. Then they would sail up the river, later, and sing in the moonlight—and she would be in a country bedroom, crying for them! She bit her lip and shook the dust from her jacket. No more of this! Whose father had said his daughter had never disappointed him yet?

"Valley Hill! Valley Hill! All change!" called the conductor.

Her heart beat quicker; what would Aunt Margaret be like? She was sixty—would she come along to the station? Her eye took in the platform quickly. Several turnouts were drawn up there—nice-looking horses they were—and people of the summer-visitor sort drove them. Out of a particularly pretty little basket-phaeton a tall, slender young woman jumped lightly and ran with outstretched hands to Peggy. She was six or seven years older than her guest—for that Peggy was her guest, her warm welcome showed—but her fresh red-and-white coloring, her thick, smooth, glossy hair, and her low, musical voice made the difference in age less noticeable than the difference in nationality. She was clearly an English girl.

"This must be little Margaret!"

she said, eagerly. "Oh, we are so glad to see you!"

"We? We?" repeated Peggy, vaguely, climbing into the phaeton, her hands itching to drive the little brown cob.

"Yes—Auntie and I. I am Uncle Albert's niece, you know. You never knew him? I live with Auntie, now."

"Oh!" said Peggy.

They drove through the little country town, cool and green in the late sunset, winding and turning with a tumbling stream which the road followed closely. In front of a large Colonial house they stopped suddenly. The driver blushed deeply and interrupted Peggy's admiration for the massive pillars, the broad porches, the beautiful lawns, where tennis and croquet grounds were laid out between evergreen hedges.

"Before we go in," she said, shyly, "I ought to tell my name, oughtn't I? I am Adelaide Thornton."

"Oh!" said Peggy, again. The power of speech seemed denied her; she was reduced to eyes and ears. Up the drive they went, under the old-style porte-cochere, where two fine mastiffs came out to meet them, in through a cool, wide hall filled with the scent of summer roses and dark with polished wood and wainscoting.

Peggy followed her guide up the beautiful winding staircase, through a long, quiet hall, broad as a room, into the daintiest bay-windowed bedroom in the world. The bed, dresser, and chairs were covered with pale-green chintz; even the matting on the floor showed a green vine.

"Uncle Richard wrote that you were gray-eyed and had auburn hair," said Adelaide, blushing again, "and we thought you would like this. Your luggage has come, and after tea I will take you in to Auntie."

Peggy fixed her hair and unlocked her trunk in a dream. As she hesitated what to put on, a glance out of the window revealed Adelaide, rosy and fairer than ever in soft, lace-trimmed white skirts, and she hastily drew out the green organdie.

"Gingham! sunbonnets!" she murmured to herself. "What would they say?"

She went slowly down the shining stairs, lost in admiration of the lovely old-time furniture, glossy and slender-legged, the antique bowls that held the flowers, the air of graceful, dignified quiet that seemed a hundred times more restful after the dusty clattering train. Adelaide met her at the threshold of a long, low-ceiled dining-room, and talked pleasantly to her in her deep, English voice, while a white-aproned maid served her cold

chicken and feathery rolls and delicious strawberry short-cake with rich country cream.

"Cold greens!" thought Peggy, with a giggle.

"I beg pardon?" said Adelaide, politely.

Peggy gulped some milk, and turned red.

"Nothing—nothing at all," she murmured, "only something my brother said that I was thinking of."

"Now I will take you into Aunt—she is quite looking forward to seeing you," and Adelaide led the way upstairs again, across into the left wing of the house. Aunt Margaret had grown quite myterious by now; the vision of a plump lady with short skirts driving her new-found niece in a rusty buggy to an accompaniment of a voluble family history had faded, and only a vague jealousy of

this English girl who knew her father's sister better than she did had taken its place.

Adelaide knocked softly, and entered. On the threshold Peggy caught her breath. A very beautiful old lady, all in lavender silk, with a tiny lace cap on her silvery head, and a little ebony crutch by her side—a veritable fairy godmother—sat by a long French window in the fading light. A great white Angora cat nestled beside her; a quaint sprigged wall-paper with pale water-colors of English scenes and beautiful old chairs and tables of three generations ago formed the most perfect background for her erect, slender little figure.

She held out her hands as Peggy came nearer, and as the girl sank upon a little stool by her side she

leaned over and kissed her forehead lightly.

"This is Richard's daughter, is it?" she said. "Let me see you closer, little Margaret!"

Peggy blushed under the searching scrutiny; but the eyes were of her own gray, and the chin was almost as square as hers, so she laughed a little, and said, shyly:

"And this is Richard's sister!"

The old lady smiled, well pleased.

"Oh, we hold our own, the Wilburs!" she said. Then more gravely, and dismissing Adelaide by a little sign, "and you are the young lady who came up in the country to amuse your old aunt, my dear. She takes it very kindly of you."

Peggy blushed furiously.

"I—I didn't want to come at first," she confessed, honestly.

The old lady smiled again.

"So Richard wrote me," she answered, quietly. "He and I understand each other, though I haven't seen him for many a year. I suppose you wonder why?"

Peggy nodded, too excited to speak.

"Well, I asked him to let me tell you, and it's no long story. I married an Englishman, my dear, and I planned for your father to come out with us to England and settle there, but he wouldn't hear of it. I was much older than he, and I felt that I was right; he did not like my marriage to begin with, and he rebelled at my plans to settle his career for him. So we parted in anger, almost, and drifted further and further apart. My husband's business kept him in England, and I was too proud to urge Richard to reconsider his decision. I have only seen him three times in twenty-five years—it seems terrible, doesn't it, my dear? But the years drift by so quickly, and one thinks that next year, next year, it will be different!

"Now I have come back to America—to die here, I suppose. My Margaret died—Richard sends his to me to show me that our stupid quarrel is over and done! It was my fault; I should not have tried to arrange his life.

"Will you try to love your Aunt Margaret a little?"

Peggy kissed the soft wrinkled hand she held, and her eyes answered the question.

"That is right, my dear—and now call Adelaide—I am very tired. Ask her to tell you my plans, and tell me if you think of anything better. Good-night, little Margaret!"

Three day later the family at The Farms received a letter of a length

(Continued on page 34)



She held out her hands as Peggy came nearer—



# The Camp at Gravel Point



By Clara Ingram Judson

Illustrated by Joseph Franke

## READ THIS FIRST

Martha Harding, a senior at Grant High, is one of the most popular girls at school. But popularity is not always fun, as Martha had found to her sorrow. Freshmen, such as Polly Lewis, can make even the happiest girl miserable with silly notes, candy and adoration.

The story opens with the members of the Senior Honor Society, the R. D. girls, Martha, Margy, Nan, Peggy, and Leslie Garrison being summoned to Miss Darrow's (the dean) office. Once there, they discover that the faculty had decided the girls were dressing too elaborately, and wished the R. D. girls to set an example.

Later, Leslie, in a spirit of fun, suggested that they come dressed as little girls. The leading girls of the school agreed to do so and appeared the next morning looking very queer. It turned out to be more than a lark, for several unusual things happened so that the girls were really punished for their fun by mortification in front of outsiders.

The next morning is the day of the big basketball game between Grant High and Ottawa—and now read about the game, itself, in this installment.

## CHAPTER V

### Conscience vs. a Crush

WITH a lithe spring Nan knocked the ball toward Martha and the game started with everything looking auspicious for the Grant High team.

"Watch 'em beat those Ottawa girls," whispered Jane as the ball seemed destined for the basket.

"Yes, watch 'em," quoted Helen scornfully, as a beautiful bit of guarding lost the ball for Grant High and sent the players scurrying down to the other end of the room.

Seeing the team was having its first hint of reverse, "Joe" Bently,

the cheer leader, sprang to her feet, and throwing every bit of energy she had into her voice and gesture, shouted, "Are we down-hearted?"

The gym rang with the vigorous answer, "No!" and she followed that no with a "seven for the team," which the Grant High school girls gave with a will.

But two sides can play at the cheering game, as the girls soon discovered. The Ottawa girls had an energetic cheer leader who didn't care a bit for the throats of the crowd and kept them cheering most of the time, till the referees had to suggest that regular cheering be kept for between quarters and halves.

The girls were not sorry for that ruling, for the game was so intense, the players so closely matched that they were glad of a chance to watch without thinking about cheers.

The first quarter ended without either team scoring. Each had tried brilliant plays, each had done well, but the guards were decidedly "on their jobs" and nothing had succeeded in going through as planned.

"Les," said Captain Nan thoughtfully, as they sat down on the floor for the brief rest between quarters, "you have a chance of your life next quarter. I'll play to you and you ought to be too quick for even that splendid little guard—she can't always cover you. Now for heaven's sake watch your chance and make one of your good throws. You know you can do it, honey, now's your chance!"

From the sound of the whistle beginning the second quarter, Les watched for her chance to make a goal. Nan, being quicker than the opposing center, sent the ball to her straight as could be, but somehow, Leslie couldn't quite make anything of it. She threw wilder and wilder, getting more and more excited as the game went on.

Little Polly Lewis, at her post as

linesman watched each wild throw of Leslie's with increasing disgust.

"It's a wonder Nan wouldn't give Martie a better chance," she grumbled to herself. "Martie never gets in the lime-light as much as Leslie does, but she's better in a close match. Les loses her head. You bet if Martie gets a chance—"

Others besides Polly seemed to be thinking the same as she did, for the impulsive shouts for Leslie died down as she missed basket after basket and yet covered so much ground that no other girl had a chance to play as she did. But while they were so thinking the play took a sudden turn, Les lost the ball, an Ottawa player recovered it and with a beautiful bit of team play the visiting folks had it in the basket before the Grant High girls hardly knew what had happened.

Then the old gym certainly did shake with the cheers. The Ottawa girls nearly went wild and the Grant High girls not to be outdone, made every bit as much noise as their victorious guests.

When the ball went in to play again, Nan gave it a twirl toward Martha and Martha, who was just waiting for a good chance, sent it to Nan. Nan, in turn, a bit frightened by the score the other side had made and by the many failures she had been making, worked it back to Martha instead of throwing wild for the basket as she had been doing. This bit of play threw the Ottawa guard off a bit and Martha made the basket in a very clean cut throw.

Two baskets in such a short time after nearly two whole quarters without a score were thrilling enough and the timer's whistle a couple of seconds later sent both teams to the

dressing room full of hope and excitement.

The time between halves was to be used for announcements. Miss Voorhes, speaking for Nan, announced the "spread" for the basketball teams which was to be that week end at Martha's house and to which all players in any class who had been out for seventy-five percent of practice were invited and Betty, speaking for the Girls' Club, announced the mid-year Girls' Club party, which was to be in the gym one week from Friday afternoon.

After Betty made the formal announcement, she added, "each class is to be called on to do a stunt at the party. Something which will not take over fifteen minutes. Plans must be submitted to Miss Darrow for approval not later than Tuesday noon."

"Dear me," laughed one of the visiting girls, "you people don't have much time to loaf around, do you?"

"Indeed we don't," laughed Polly, who happened to be standing right in front of the visitor. "It's a busy old school!"

The announcement of the "stunt party" came as a surprise to the Grant High girls, and the air buzzed with questions and answers "What-ever'll we do for our stunt?"

"Now what do you think of that?" exclaimed a junior. "I thought seniors weren't ever to do anything at that mid-year party."

"Oh, they don't," groaned Betty in disgust. "Why, didn't I say so? The stunts are just for lower class members. Do you suppose the girls will understand or shall I make another announcement?"

The question was answered for her by the arrival of the teams from the dressing rooms and the whistle for the game. There would be no more time for announcements then, that was sure.

The third quarter began with very careful playing on both sides. Evidently each team was rested enough to have steady nerves and a great determination to play well. But so perfectly were the teams matched that neither was able to score a point.

Half way through the last quarter, Martha, standing tense and ready for anything saw the ball come spinning toward her. Toward the side lines a bit too far it went but, with a reckless reaching out, she grabbed it—not noticing how far she had to run to get it—steadying herself and with a beautiful throw sent it deftly into the basket. A throw like that, from so far at the side, sent the rooters cheering wildly and quite downed the shout of Polly, linesman, who at

the top of her lungs and as soon as she could speak, shouted "Foul!" Martha, alas, as she so often did, had forgotten the existence of side lines, and in her eagerness had stepped one foot out of bounds as she caught the ball. Polly's cry of "Foul" was uttered before the basket was made and in ample time for the crowd to hear, it would have seemed; but the girls were so wildly excited that they hadn't noticed.

And what in the world should Polly do? Should she insist on being heard—call a foul that hadn't been noticed on her beloved Martha and doubtless earn the dislike of the girl she adored above all other friends? Or should she keep still and hope to goodness that nobody had seen the foul or heard her call it out?

As a matter of fact, Polly didn't hesitate nearly as long as it takes to read about it. All the pros and cons flashed through her head like a rapidly run movie and then, putting her arm up, she ran to the referee and cried, "Grant High forward stepped out of bounds in catching that ball and I called a foul before the ball made the basket!"

Poor little Polly Lewis! It is one thing to decide quickly to be honest and quite another to have the job done before everybody and to be perfectly sure that scores of girls wish you were any where but the place you are.

Martha, in the center of a circle of admiring girls heard what was said. Quick as flash she whirled around and called toward Polly and the referee, "What's that you say, Polly?"

But Polly couldn't speak.

"She says you stepped out of bounds and that she called 'Foul' before the ball reached the basket," repeated the referee.

"And she's right," confirmed the umpire from down the field, "I saw the play myself."

"Then the ball goes back to Ottawa and that play does not count," ruled the referee.

Martha ran over to Polly and patted her on the shoulder. "Don't you get down-hearted over a little thing like that," she said bravely, "serves me right for being so careless. You watch the line, old top, and I'll watch the ball and—"

But the rest of her sentence was drowned in the "Are we down-hearted" cheer of the Grant High girls.

They say that opportunity never comes twice. But sometimes even proverbs are wrong. Martha played her best, and as the seconds flew by

and the end of the last quarter came nearer and nearer, she feared that her one chance that she had lost was to be her only chance. And then, just when she had about given up hope, the ball came into her hand; her guard jumped between her and the basket, but Martha was too quick. Another of Martha's quick throws and the ball dropped neatly into the basket and the game was won.

"But, say, girls, I'm not your heroine," laughed Martha modestly when the girls nearly mobbed her after the last whistle blew, "somebody go and talk to that poor little freshman of mine—wasn't that brave of Polly to call a foul on me, though? That kid's got the making of a real person in her."

So Polly came in for her share of glory and for something else, too, something that she didn't find out about till many days had passed.

## CHAPTER VI

### *Curing Polly*

PAST events may be ever so exciting, but they can't hold a candle to events that are to be. The minute the game was over and the cheering girls dashed off to the locker room for books and wraps, the talk began to center around the basketball spread the following evening.

"No, you're not to bring a cake too," Nan assured Polly; "you bring salad, a big bowlful and that's enough. Adelaide and Ruth are bringing cake and Martha, Leslie, Peggy and Mary are going to meet at Martha's in the afternoon to make the sandwiches. The others are to bring fruit and pickles and—oh, I forget a lot of good food. There'll be enough, you don't need to worry about that."

So Polly didn't worry at all—though if she could have heard the talk at the kitchen table the next afternoon when the four girls sat making sandwiches, she might have thought she had considerable to worry about.

Around a center table in the Harding's sunny kitchen, the four girls were making sandwiches for the spread. Nan had cut all the bread, Martha creamed the butter and beat the salad dressing, while Peggy and Mary chopped nuts, ground ham, boiled eggs, mixed cottage cheese and ground peppers.

"Now, then," said Martha, as she inspected Nan's neat piles of cut bread and the various kinds of fillings in bowls on the table, "that's the end of the head work—all we have left to do now is spreading and cutting the sandwiches, so we can talk

all we like without being afraid of doing damage."

"Then let's decide what to do about Polly," said Nan.

"What's the matter with Polly?" asked Peggy. "I think she's a nice kid."

"So do we all," agreed Martha, "and she's a good player and ought to make the school team next year, and she's bright enough when she wants to be and all that. But just look at that. It came about an hour before you girls came." Martha stepped to the dining room and brought back a huge box of beautiful candy—candy that was as good to look at as it was to eat—so Martha, Nan and Helen could testify, for they had come early and had been given a treat.

"Yes, go ahead and take some," invited Martha, "but while you're eating, read this and if it doesn't spoil your appetite I'll throw my best hat in the lake."

From under the frill of paper lace at the side of the box, Martha drew out a folded bit of paper and opening it, passed it among the girls.

"Ugh!" groaned Nan, "pass the vinegar! I need something to balance that sweetness!"

"Wouldn't that make you sick?" questioned Martha. "How she ever gets that way I don't see. To look at her she seems like the sensible kind, but there's no sense in *that* letter, believe me!"

"She'll murder you for showing it to us," laughed Peggy.

"No she won't," said Martha firmly, "because she'll never know. I wouldn't have shown you such a silly crush note—you know I never have—only I thought maybe if you really saw how she writes, you might be able to help think up something to cure her."

For a minute or two there was an unusual stillness as each girl made sandwiches in thoughtful silence and then, suddenly, Margy exclaimed, "Girls, I've an idea!" and bending over the table she whispered a half dozen sentences.

"Margy, you smart thing! Of course!" exclaimed Martha, but at that minute the doorbell rang and the first group of girls for the spread arrived. The sandwiches, now all made, were hastily wrapped in tea towels till needed, aprons were tossed to the nearest chair and the seniors rushed in to greet the newcomers.

After the spread proper and the eats were disposed of, the girls of the basket ball teams began wondering what they should do for fun.

"Let's write consequences," suggested one.

"Too stale," responded another.

"Let's dance," suggested Helen; "got any new records, Martha?"

"No; let's not dance yet," interrupted Margy, innocently, "let's do some charades."

"Of all stale things," said Tips.

"Yes, let's," agreed Peggy, "I know a dandy."

"Then you be captain of one side and Margy take the other and choose sides," said Martha so quickly that no one could get in a word of objection.

For two times around the four seniors let the ordinary charades go through, night-in-gale, curriculum and the like, then Margy, with a whispered "now don't you dare help them guess," to Peggy whom she passed on the way out of the room, took her forces into the bedroom for the real purpose of the game.

"Let's act some proper names," she suggested, "like Peggy Gregory, or—"

"I'd like to see you act that," scoffed Ruth.

"Well," admitted Margy, "that might be hard, but how about Polly Lewis?"

"Pol—that would be a parrot," suggested Nan, thoughtfully though testing the word in her mind.

"And'ly could be to lie down," added Leslie, looking anywhere but at Margy she was so afraid she might giggle and give the game away.

"But how could we ever act 'Lewis'?" asked Helen despairingly.

"Easy enough," exclaimed Margy with a sudden inspiration. "You all know Lewis Darington?"

The girls all giggled. What girls didn't know Lewis? With his sober face, his colorless ways, his conviction that no boy in the school was so utterly irresistible as Lewis Darington, he had been the laughing stock of the school all year, and doubtless, he was the only one in the school who didn't guess how very funny he was.

"Well," continued Margy, "you girls have sometimes said I could act. I'll act Lewis and see what happens."

In a gale of laughter the girls scurried around for feathers and bright shawls for the poll-parrot and a coat and cap for Margy.

Nan was announcer. She stepped to the living room and announced to the other side, "This time we are doing a proper name of four syllables. Two proper names used together, it really is, with two syllables to each name. We will act the first two syllables separately and the last two together."

"And," interrupted Margy, from behind, "and then we'll do the whole four together in a last act."

This hadn't been planned for, but there was no time for a dispute as Ruth, very much bedecked in an old red shawl draped over her and three green feathers in her hair, came from the bedroom and mincingly paraded up and down before the audience.

"Looks like a parrot, but she'd murder me if she heard me say so," giggled one girl.

Ruth heard, of course, and, turning, made a funny little face at her critic and then fled to the shelter of the bedroom as the two other girls who were to do the hospital stunt with a patient order to "lie down" as the chief point of the story, came out.

By the end of that second act the audience was thoroughly puzzled and then came Margy. She could always make folks laugh, when she wanted to, and she was at her very funniest in this stunt. She hadn't walked twice across the room, saying, as she glanced toward Jane in the audience, audience, "Jane, why don't you speak to me this morning?" before every girl was shouting, "Lewis Darington."

"Oh, would the power the gift but gie us," laughed Peggy from her post at the bedroom door, "wouldn't you *adore* to have Lewis see her do it."

"Don't speak to me," cried Nan as she wiped the tears from her eyes and indeed every girl there was laughing so she nearly wept at Margy's comical acting.

Finally Margy pranced off to the dressing room and silence settled over the living room.

"That was funny as a crutch," admitted Jane finally, "but I don't see a bit of sense to the whole thing."

"Maybe we will later," said Polly, little guessing what was coming, "they said they were going to do the whole thing in one act, don't you remember? Let's wait and see."

"Remember what we have thought of so far," suggested Tips as sign of action came from the dressing room, "I'm sure that first was something about a Poll parrot and the last must be Lewis—"

And just then, Margy, dressed this time in the poll-parrot finery, pranced dignifiedly before them. Around her foot was tied a long string which Nan held and with a great show of acting out a tender interest in her pet, Nan led her "bird" back and forth. That in itself was funny enough, but when Nan striking an attitude in the middle of the stage, said, "Polly want a cracker?" the girls thought they had never seen anything quite so funny.

Margy waited till the laughter subsided somewhat and then in a very mincing voice, she shouted out, "No!



Polly wants a Martie!" And the secret was out.

"Polly Lewis!" exclaimed the audience in almost one breath. "Polly Lewis!"

Poor little Polly turned all colors and had to stand teasing for the rest of the evening.

"But that certainly was the best charade I ever saw," giggled Peggy as the charade end of the party broke up and the floor was cleared for dancing. "If she isn't cured now—well, I'll simply give it up!"

"Cured!" exclaimed Martha, as she took a pile of rugs to the hall so as to have a chance for a whispered word with Peggy, "she'd better be. Honestly, Peggy, I did feel sorry for her when I saw she knew, but she ought to thank us when she knows it's for her own good."

"Don't worry," said Margy comfortingly, as she and Nan danced around the corner, "she'll be cured now."

But they little knew Polly.

## CHAPTER VII

### *The Stunt Party*

"I WISH we could think up something better than was ever given in this old school," exclaimed Tips Laughlin as she and Ruth were going down the corridor the next Monday morning. "I know perfectly well that these seniors have something good because when that crowd tries, they certainly can turn out clever stuff."

"Oh, what's the use of worrying our heads about a stunt party," replied Ruth; "we've got troubles—and fun enough. Come on," she added as they reached the door of the bulletin room, "I'm going to see if I've any new notes."

"Well, you haven't, darling," said Tips, hastily scanning the bulletin board. "Martha Harding has all the mail to-day. Look at that! From the office and from—do you mean to tell me that *that* is Polly's writing?" she pointed dramatically at a fat letter sealed tightly and perched under the H part of the bulletin board where all who passed could plainly see the address, "Martha Harding." "If that child isn't cured after all the guying she got the other day, she's hopeless."

"She needs a new interest in life—that's what Polly needs, me child," laughed Ruth, little guessing how soon a new interest was coming into the whole group and to devote Polly in particular.

"Oh, Martie," she added as, swinging around and hurrying back into the corridor they bumped into Martha herself, you should visit the bulletin board often—it groans under the weight of your letters."

"Groans nothing," scoffed Martha. "Why, I have two letters, haven't I?" she added as she too spied her mail. Hastily grabbing Polly's letter she stuck it into her notebook for private reading. The letter from the office she opened and read at once.

"Break it to us gently," encouraged Tips; "are you fired from the school or merely given a pink slip for the day's grind?"

will be glad to introduce you two. S. J. Darrow. I call that very thoughtful of Miss Darrow," continued Martha approvingly, "and I'll be on hand to meet the new lady."

"Bring her up to the Girls' Club for lunch, then," suggested Ruth, "so she can begin getting acquainted all at once. And, Martie," she added coaxingly as Martha hurried off down the hall, "be a sport and give us an idea for our stunt."

"Sport, nothing," laughed Martha



There stood Martha—as pretty a picture as ever graced the front of any magazine

"Now I call that very nice," said Martha in a pleased voice, for, entirely disregarding Tips' teasing she had read her note straight through. "Listen, girls, to what Miss Darrow writes: 'A new girl has entered school to-day and you can guess how hard it will be for her with new work and no friends. I will appreciate it greatly if you will try to make her feel at home. Her name is Jacqueline Palmer. If you can come to my office at the end of the third period, I

over her shoulder, "get your own idea. Think this is an asylum for the mentally enfeebled? Use your own brain, sweetheart. I have troubles of my own."

That was a bit of exaggeration to be sure, but Martha did have much to think about. There was the stunt party for one thing and the senior girls had decided to outdo themselves and have a stunt that would be a record breaker. Then there was  
(Continued on page 25)

## AN ISLAND ADVENTURE

By Maud Wilcox Niedermeyer

Illustrated by Marjorie Flack

MARJORIE ROCKWELL was tying a huge bow on her dark hair, when the door bell rang. She stopped in the act of puffing out the satin ribbon, her hands raised above her head, and counted the strokes. One, two, three, and a short! It was the Club ring. She ran out into the hall, and peered down the stairs.

"Come right up, girls," she called. "The screen is not fastened. Hello, Bernice. Who is with you? Oh, it's Kate. I couldn't tell in this dark hall."

"You never could guess the news!" cried Bernice, bounding up the stairs two at a time. And then, as though she feared that Marjorie might guess, she began the story at once.

Kate's father had given them permission to use Quebec cottage at the beach for a week-end house party! Kate had invited the Echo Club. Miss Woodberry, their history teacher, had promised to chaperone them.

"Isn't it glorious?" cried Bernice, swinging the sedate Marjorie about the room in whirls.

"Do stop. I-I can't get my breath. Yes—of course—we'll have packs of fun, but—"

"No buts," interrupted Kate, who greatly enjoyed the popularity that went with having a generous father. "We are planning to go down tomorrow, Friday, right after school."

"But," insisted Marjorie, "how can I get ready in so short a time?"

"Ha, Ha, Miss Marjorie, everything is done already; that is, practically everything. You see, we knew that you would fuss, so we made out a list of things for you to bring. What did I do with it, Kate? Oh, here it is." She thrust a long, narrow sheet of paper into Marjorie's hands, and then straightened her hat, which had slid over one ear in her excitement.

The girls went down stairs, talking all the time, and admonishing Marjorie not to forget a thing on the list. They closed the screen door, and, as they went down the porch steps, Marjorie distinctly heard Bernice say to Kate.

"Poor Marj! It's too bad she's such a dub!"

The words were not meant to reach her, and Marjorie hastily retreated into the hall. Hot, angry tears filled

her eyes. She turned, and fairly flew up the stairs to her room. *A dub!* So that was what the girls thought of her! She threw herself on the bed, and wept bitterly. Nobody loved her, or cared for her, or needed her. That was the worst, not to be needed! They all thought that she was lazy, and willing to drift. They had even made out a list of things that she should bring. *A dub!* Oh, dear, why couldn't she be like her little sister, who was president of her class in school; or like Bob, a born leader? But she abhorred the thought of responsibility.

After a while she sat up on the edge of the bed, and dried her tears. Maybe she deserved the criticism, she confessed to herself. She didn't amount to much in the world. It was hard to acknowledge, but whether it was true or not, *they*, her best friends, believed it. Deep down

in her heart she wanted to prove to them that they were wrong.

She read over the list. It was rather long, and she decided it would be better to start at once, to pack the linen. She knew that Louise would have added to that list. She would have tucked little surprises in, here and there. Marjorie couldn't think of an extra thing. She even wondered what the other girls were to bring, for it seemed to her that *everything* was down on her list.

The next afternoon Miss Woodberry made four trips to the cottage, in her Ford, before all the luggage had been transferred.

"There, that's the very last thing," she said, as she put away a bottle of milk in the ice-box.

It was a gay, happy set of girls that gathered about the supper table. Even Marjorie had forgotten Bernice's unkind remark, and was enter-



Soon Marjorie realized that it was to be a struggle—but she was young and strong

"How about a hike to the island tomorrow?" asked Louise.

"Fine!" It was a chorus of answers.

Miss Woodberry smiled, and the girls knew that she was willing they should go.

"The tide will be low in the morning," she said. "I think that there will be just time enough for us to have lunch over there before the bar covers."

The tiny island was a delightful spot for several reasons, chief among them being the fact that at low tide it could be reached on foot. Twice a day a narrow strip of sand bar was uncovered by the tide. At its widest part, it was not more than ten feet across. The ribbon of land zig-zagged in a serpentine line between the shores for a half mile, while the sun quickly dried the fine sand and smooth pebbles.

Saturday morning was clear and beautiful, and warm for so late in the season. The girls were up bright and early, eagerly watching for the first glimpse of the silvery sand bar.

While they were washing the breakfast dishes, one of the girls, Ethel, complained of a headache; and a few minutes later she was too sick to even think of a hiking party.

"I shall stay here with Ethel," said Miss Woodberry, "but you girls may go alone. I think that you are old enough to be trusted that far."

But a second drawback happened a little later. An automobile drove up to the cottage, and the chauffeur deposited a little girl on the front steps.

"Kate," called Myrtle, "here's your little sister. Well, I never! Now what are we to do with her?"

Kate hurried out to the porch, and looked inquiringly at the chauffeur.

"Your mother was called out of town, and sent me down with Miss Betty," he said.

"Very well."

The chauffeur turned the car around on the sandy road, and left.

"Girls," said Kate, entering the cottage. "It's a shame! This is too fine a day to be spoiled. What do you say to taking Betty along?"

It was finally agreed that way, and an hour later the party set out. Little Betty skipped and danced along as though delighted to be allowed to come. But her little feet made slow progress, and it was almost noon before they reached the other shore.

There was a well of purest water on the island, and the girls made for it at once. It was kept covered, when not in use. They removed the boards,

and lowered the pail they had brought, by a rope.

"Remember, girls," said Kate, as they carried it to a chosen spot, "we must not stay over, or the tide will block us off."

"That's so," answered Bernice. "It doesn't especially appeal to me to be caught on this island."

They played games for a while, racing along the beach, and shouting lustily to each other. Finally, Kate announced that she was on the verge of starvation, and everyone scampered back to the lunch baskets.

It was a jolly party that stretched themselves out on the grass for lunch. The feast was all that could be desired. When everyone had eaten almost beyond her capacity, they made up stories about pirates, lost ships, and deserted islands. The time passed too quickly.

"Do you see that gray spot yonder?" asked Louise, as she peered up through the leafy branches.

"Oh, it's nothing," was the reply from Myrtle.

But it grew larger and larger by the minute. The girls sat up with one accord.

"I'm going to take a look at the bar," said Bernice, and she hurried to a knoll, whence she could get an unobstructed view. She was back in a minute. "Girls it's covering fast," she cried. "We had better pack up and leave as soon as possible."

A streak of lightning cut the clouds in two, and the distant thunder rumbled threateningly.

"Hurry, Marj," called Kate as she saw her walking about aimlessly. "You girls stop talking, and get busy. Throw the things into the pail. We haven't a minute to lose."

It was only too true. The storm rapidly drew near. The wind slapped the quiet waters into waves, and white-caps broke everywhere.

Pell-mell the girls rushed for the bar. Only a thread-like strip remained, and the waves broke over this in foamy billows. Without a word they started across. Soon they were wading over their ankles.

Half way over, Marjorie was seized with a sickening fear. She glanced anxiously ahead of her at the line of girls making their way through the pounding surf. Then she looked behind. *Kate's sister Betty was not there!* Her first thought was to call Kate. Here was her opportunity to prove herself worthwhile! She stumbled, in order to give the girls back of her a chance to pass. She turned and hastened back to the island.

A vivid streak of lightning nearly

paralyzed her with fear, but the thought of the baby, alone in that storm on the island, kept her going steadily. When she reached land, she raced madly to the scene of the picnic. There was no Betty, there! She fled to the well—she even lifted the cover, and shouted down, for perchance, Betty might have fallen in! But there was no response.

She scouted the island. Finally, seated among some low bushes, she found the little girl, calmly picking some flowers. Snatching her up, she raced back to the bar, stumbling in her hurry. She set the child down a moment, while she got her breath. She could see the rain falling in the distance.

"Betty not afraid," said the child looking up into her face.

"Good!" said Marjorie. "I'm going to carry you piggy-back. Now hold on tight."

The path was entirely gone, but a zig-zagging white streak of foam showed where it had been. Marjorie plunged into the water. She felt it about her ankles; then at the calves of her legs. Leaning down, she untied her shoe-strings, and kicked off her shoes. The water rose higher, higher. The girls ahead looked like tiny, moving specks.

Soon Marjorie realized it was to be a struggle, but she was young and strong. The water was up to her waist now, and the larger waves rolled over her shoulders. At a sudden, sharp clap of thunder she felt the little arms about her neck tighten.

"Brave Betty," she said, panting with exertion. "We—we're most there."

The blood pounded through her body; her breath came in short gasps. The child on her back was half under water. She must rest, she couldn't go a step further. She—in a brilliant flash of lightning, she saw the girls in the distance.

"Take hold of my shoulders," commanded Marjorie. "I've got to swim."

She plunged ahead, taking long, easy strokes. She thought of her father, her mother, of Bernice, Kate! So she was a dub! A dub!

The water pounded over her. Her strength was going, but to be a dub! She heard Betty spitting water. What a little brick she was! She must keep going for Betty's sake. The pounding in her ears grew louder, her head swam, the water surged over her, but she came up sputtering and choking.

"You're all right, Marj. I've got you. Keep your head up!" Kate's

(Continued on page 34)





## SCRIBES' CORNER—HOME SCOUT NEWS—

### ST. GEORGE, S. C.

Our Patrol No. 1 of Troop No. 1 was organized March 15, 1920.

As soon as we organized we began to look for some plan by which we could fill our treasury. We made about \$15 one day by selling sandwiches and ice-cream cones. We sold sandwiches at school, making almost \$5 at one recess. We gave a Halloween party which gave us a good little start.

Christmas time we prepared two boxes, one for the Rescue Orphanage at Columbia, and the other for a family living a few miles from town.

We spent one day with our captain, Mrs. P. J. Johnston, and completed several of the requirements of the Second Class Test. We girls cooked dinner and prepared the table for a three course meal. Then, afterwards, we had our test in observations which is the fourth requirement, and also a lesson in bed-making.

We gave \$10 to the Hoover Fund, \$24 to Campaign Fund, and recently helped buy checker boards for our county jail.

### WOODHAVEN, N. Y.

Troop No. 21, Woodhaven, N. Y., was organized last December, and has at present about 26 members. A bazaar was held in March, which proved very successful. We donated \$10 to the Hoover Relief Fund and \$25 to the Church Mortgage Redemption Fund. The new Tenderfoot Scouts were given the usual allowance toward their suits, which is \$2. Some camping equipment was purchased such as pots, cutlery, etc.

We planned for a hike and when the day arrived although the sun was hidden the girls started off on high spirits. We rode to Rosedale, which is about a 30-minute ride by trolley. One of the girls knew the way and lead us to a very woody section. We came to a place where a fire could be made. After the wood was gathered we had our first outdoor luncheon. It having rained all week we had some difficulty getting dry wood. However, the wood soon became red hot coals and the coffee and roast were cooked. After clearing the place, taking care to leave it just as we found it we started on the road for the next town. After hiking for about four miles it started to rain, and as the woods we were in did not afford much shelter we started for



Not an easy stunt though these girls seem to enjoy it! Troop 1, Nashauk, Minn.

home. A truck coming up behind us looked very good so we asked if we could jump on and were very happy when we were told that we could. The truck did not go very far so we got off and at the Scout's pace and with Scout songs we hiked to the trolley. Having arrived at our town we went to the chapel of the First Presbyterian Church, where we cooked our potatoes, beans and "franks." Everybody went home feeling fine.

On Mothers Day, May 18th, we presented all the mothers who attended the Sunday morning service with roses.

M. A. B.,  
Captain

### TROOP 65, MANHATTAN

A-M-E-R-I-C-A!

Girl Scouts!

Girl Scouts U. S. A.!

Rang through the hall as the Girl Scouts of Troop 65 realized their success.

April 16th they gave the Girl Scout play "The Taming of Horrors." The proceeds were \$50, of which 10 per cent was given to National Headquarters. The remainder will be used for troop equipment.

Thankful for their success they again joined in a hearty cheer for all who co-operated in making it a success.

T. G.,  
Patrol Leader

### TOLEDO, OHIO

Troop 1, which consists of twelve registered Scouts at Wernert's Corners, invited their mothers and a few friends to a luncheon which was served in the large front room of Barns' store. Each table had been decorated by the Scouts with their troop colors, purple and yellow, and with their troop flower, the purple violet. It was found out afterwards that the girls had hiked for miles to get the huge bouquets of violets which were found on each table. Place cards decorated with violets marked the seats of the sixteen mothers and friends. These, with the pretty candles made the tables very attractive indeed.

A bountiful luncheon consisting of meat loaf, potato salad, pickles, olives, bread, muffins, jelly, ice cream, cake (made by the scouts themselves and very good), and coffee for the mothers, was served by the Scouts in true "Scout manner."

### GIRL SCOUTS

You meet them in the mountains,  
You meet them on the plains,  
You meet them when the sun shines,  
You meet them when it rains.

You'll always get a smile  
From a good little scout,  
And if you are in trouble  
They'll surely help you out.

You'll find some little scouts  
In almost any wood  
Where by a cheerful camp-fire  
They're gathered kind and good.

So won't you join our happy band,  
You'll find a lot to do,  
And a jolly lot of comrades  
Who'll be always kind and true.

SCOUT FULCHUM,  
Age 10 years,  
Troop 1, Delta, Colo.

### WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

The Scout room of the Y. W. C. A. presented a happy sight to the eye of a visitor, who happened in upon twenty of the little Brownie Scouts singing and having a good time about the big open fireplace in the Scout room. The children had planned to take a hike with the intention of having their dinner in the woods, but owing to the weather it was necessary to change to an indoor picnic, and all appeared to be having just as good a time as if their plans had worked out as expected.

## —AND SCOUTING NEWS FROM ABROAD



The following letter has been received by Mary Keresteri, from an English Girl Guide. All Girl Scouts will enjoy reading it:

Dear Sister Guide:

I wonder who you are and what you are like. It does seem strange to write to someone whom you have never seen and about whom you know absolutely nothing.

Suppose I start this letter by telling you how old I am, etc. Well, I am nearly sixteen; rather small for my age (only five feet two inches), have fairly dark, rat-tail hair, gray eyes and freckles. I have one sister who is twelve. She is a guide in my patrol and her name is Lillian. She is like me, but her hair curls and she wears specs. My two best friends, Ivy Kenny and Mabel Godfrey, are also guides, being the same company as we are, and Mabel is in the same patrol. I think Mabel is writing to another American girl. I wonder if it will be anyone you know. How jolly it will be if it is for we shall be four chums then—two each side of the Atlantic.

My two friends, my sister and myself belong to the Christ Church, 8th Luton Company. We consist of a captain and lieutenant, a Brown Owl, fourteen guides and a recruit, and last, but not least thirty Brownies. Considering we have only started a year and been registered six months, we are pretty strong. Our captain is Staff Captain of Luton, and we all absolutely adore her. Lieutenant who is usually called Left or Lieut by us girls, is also absolute dear.

We go about with her a great deal and she is a splendid pal and help to us. We guides are in two patrols, Lily of the Valley and Marguerite. My chum, Ivy Kenny, is leader of the Lilies and I am in charge of the Marguerites. What is your patrol, a bird or flower? Our patrols are very evenly matched and we generally have a draw or tie in

The letter reproduced below was sent to us by Lady Baden Powell who requested us to put this little Girl Guide into one of our most active troops. We believe that any troop will be proud to have her as one of its members, even if she does love "England best"—maybe she'll grow to love America just as much some day!

Ashgrove  
Manderhill  
Jamaica B.W.I.

Dear Lady Baden Powell:-  
Please may I be enrolled as a Lone Guide? I am eleven years old but I will be twelve June 21st. My grandmother says I may and so does Daddy.

I can make up beds and take care of babies, and set tables and all that sort of thing.

We are going to New York this fall, but if I became an American Girl Scout I would have to pledge allegiance to the American flag, and that wouldn't be honourable if I love England best, that's why I must be an English guide.

Yours Sincerely  
Katharine Rathbone

games and competitions. What are your favourite stunts as Guides? I think ours are drill of any sort, ambulance, signalling and tracking. Although we live in a town, we are surrounded on all sides by beautiful country consisting of low hills dotted with prickly shrubs, woods and narrow winding lanes and lots of meadows. It is an ideal place for tracking and camping, and we go out every Saturday when it is fine. The country here is very historical and interesting. Ten miles away is the city of St. Albans, famous by the Wars of the Roses and being the home of the first English martyr. Five miles away, at Dunstable, we have more ancient history still. For there was a large Roman camp there, and rel-

ics are often being found in the quarries and the Roman palisades are still to be seen on the Downs. Several English kings and queens have also visited it. What is it like where you live?

What do you like doing at home? I am very fond of needlework in any shape or form, reading, cooking and music. I've had plenty of sewing lately, as I have been helping to make my summer clothes and working for a big Guide Bazaar, which is to be held at our country town of Bedford the end of this month. Out-

doors, I love cycling and all kinds of sport. In the winter we play hockey with the Guides, and although we get hard knocks sometimes, it's all in the game, and we go mad over the matches. We also have netball in connection with the Guides and wish we had cricket and tennis also. I am learning to swim this summer. I can't do that yet, but want to, for I can't be a first class Guide until I have learned. I like jumping and running very much, although I can't jump for nuts. I'm hopeless at three foot, while even the Brownies jump three feet five inches.

Do you keep any pets? We have always had an animal of some sort and at

present it is a handsome tabby cat named "Peter." He follows us like a dog, and we always know where he is, for he wears a collar with a bell on. We also have chickens in the garden, which is more like a cat-run, for we are hemmed in by other houses. We get all sorts of queer things such as tins, old cotton reels, bottles and burst balls growing in our garden. We have a nice swing, however, and are quite acrobats on it.

I shall be awfully bucked to hear from you and know who you really are, and what sort of times you have with your friends and sister guides in America. I remain, Your loving sister,  
ROSINA HOBBS.

# Our Party Page



## THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

We believe that any entertainment committee who uses this idea will find themselves everlastingly popular—so unless you want to be called upon again, you had better not try this circus!

Of course any committee, who is good for anything, has among its members people who can paint, draw and use their fingers cleverly; and yours will be just the right kind—so the first thing to do is to have tickets printed in the following manner: *Complimentary ticket to the Scout Sirkus at 15 Browning Place. Good only on Friday evening, August 19th, at seven o'clock.*

As each guest enters, she is given a paper bag of peanuts, and cautioned to look at the signs before eating. The signs posted on the trees are as follows:

This way to the Side Shows.

Caution—Don't feed the Animals.

See the Only Ant-Eater in Captivity—5 Peanuts.

Only 1 Peanut to See the Strangest Bear in the World.

For 4 Peanuts You Can Take Our Famous Trip Around the Globe.

Gruntz—the Wild Boar from the Forests of New Guinea—3 Peanuts.

Goldie, the Diving Seal—1 Peanut a Dive.

Hear the Lion Roar—3 Peanuts. (Peanuts refunded if he does not Roar)

One corner of the lawn should be fenced and in it should be a number of places curtained off. Only one person at a time should be admitted to each show—and two or more of the girls should act as "barkers"—

describing the attractions of the shows.

"The Only Ant-eater in Captivity" may be the Aunt of one of the Scouts who may eat a cracker when anyone appears.

To see the "Strangest Bear in the World"—look into a box that is entirely bare.

"The Famous Trip Around the Globe" may consist of a walk around a box containing an electric light globe.

"Gruntz, the Wild Boar from the Forests of New Guinea" may be a Guinea Pig.

"Goldie, the Diving Seal"—a large pail of water with a rope hanging over the side—a sign to read "If Goldie is not in sight, pull the rope." When the rope is pulled out, a gold seal ring should be found at the end.

Inside of a tent may be found a man wearing around his neck a sign "I am the Lion." After a few minutes the sign and on the other side may be read "I'm a-lying." The lion refuses to roar so the peanuts should be refunded.

Other side shows can be easily worked out—such as "The Marvelous Motion Picture of the Discovery of America—Shown for the First Time in History"—a picture of the landing of Columbus fastened to a

string and kept in motion by one of the girls.

After the side shows—the guest should go to another part of the lawn—called the Menagerie Tent to get the animals ready for the parade. In this corner of the grounds should be a long table with all sorts of raw vegetables—carrots, string beans, potatoes, peas, radishes, celery, parsley, etc.—knives, scissors, pins with black heads, toothpicks, and meat skewers. Order should be given for each one to make an animal out of the materials on the table. Prizes for the best animal should be presented.

Following this, the guests should be sent to water the elephants. A path of newspapers should extend from one tree to another and each guest given a teaspoon. The rules of the game are to fill a teaspoon with water, place the handle in the mouth, carry it to the other end of the path and empty it into the bowl on a table without spilling a drop. Of course, everyone laughs and shouts and tries to make the other person stumble and spill the water. Needless to say this game is most amusing.

The piazza, or if the party is held away from a house, another part of the lawn, should be gaily decorated with Japanese lanterns and the guests should be invited to attend the Greatest Show on Earth. On a table should be a parade of the weird animals made by the scouts—the prize animal leading the procession. In the center should be two enormous tents made of manila paper and topped with flags.

The guests should be seated and under the big round tents are the refreshments—sandwiches and stuffed eggs.

Dishes of vanilla ice cream, labeled "Greenland's Icy Mountains" with tiny chocolate cakes "Koko Family" should complete the refreshments.

**Party suggestions:** If there is any particular kind of party you wish help with, write to us. On the other hand, if you have an original idea for an entertainment, send it in. We will pay \$1.00 for any account of a party or plan for a party considered worthy of publication.



## JOHN BURROUGHS, THE WOODCRAFTER

## A BRIGAND STEAK

By G. Clyde Fisher

A VERY real Woodcrafter likes to cook over an open fire. It appeals to the primitive and natural impulses in one. Who would not prefer a meal cooked in this way and eaten out-of-doors to the most sumptuous repast that could be offered by the finest hotels of our cities?

Every growing Woodcrafter wants to learn to do new things. Do you know how to prepare and cook a brigand steak? If you do not, I shall tell you as I was shown by John Burroughs.

First, cut one or more wands or branches, the number depending upon the size of the party. These wands should be of Sugar Maple, straight branches five or six feet long, about three-fourths of an inch in diameter at the base and tapering to the size of a lead-pencil. The bark should be removed from about two feet of the smaller end of the branch, and the tip should be sharpened.

Then take a thick steak, not more than half an inch thick and cut it into small pieces about one and one-half inches square; slice some young onions, only partly grown—use small onions if only old ones are available; cut some bacon in thin slices. Now, string the pieces of steak, onions, and bacon upon the wand like beads on a string, putting on a piece of steak, then a slice of onion, and then a folded slice of bacon, and so on in this order until the string is eighteen inches or so in length.

Cook over an open fire. Place a stone or other support on the opposite side of the fire upon which to rest the tip of the maple branch. Then rotate this rustic spit slowly over the fire while the meat and onions are roasting.

In starting a fire in the open, Mr. Burroughs broke off, if at hand, the fine dead twigs which are always to be found upon the lower part of

the trunk and upon the bases of the lower branches of the Hemlock, and used them instead of a fuzz stick. The value of this material, which is kept dry even in pretty wet weather by the crown of the tree, may be well known, but the Hemlock did not grow where I lived as a boy, and I learned this bit of woodcraft from the Sage of Slabsides.

Mr. Burroughs says that the brigands paid no attention to smoke—that they had not time to wait until the fire burned down to a good bed of coals. So he began to cook the steak almost as soon as the fire was started, and cooking, he says, takes all of the conceit out of an onion.

A brigand steak may be cooked in a few minutes, and it will excite any Woodcrafter's appetite. The very name appeals to the imagination and makes one hungry. It has the smell of smoke in it. Try it once, and you will surely want to try it again.

Reprinted from the Woodcraft Totem Board, published by the Woodcraft League of America

*A chance for the Girl Scouts to do a good turn for their English sisters.*

## TOY AND CRAFTS FAIR

During her recent visit to America, Mrs. Mark Kerr, County Commissioner for London, spoke to several Girl Scout Captains and Scouts of the Toy and Crafts Fair and Competition which will be held in London, England, next November, and which will be largely organized by English Guiders and Guides.

The object of this Fair is twofold:

1. To encourage ingenuity and good handwork amongst the Guides and Scouts in the making of toys of all kinds, scrap books, models, baskets, village farm yards, Japanese gardens as well as in weaving, lace making, and bead work.

2. To form a fund for the extension of the Royal Free Hospital, Grays Inn Road, London, that wonderful hospital which has been a pioneer for nearly a century.

One cold stormy night in December, 1828, Dr. Marsden, a physician, found a poor sick girl in the street unable to get help or shelter as she had no subscriber's letter to a hospital and no friends to get her one. Dr. Marsden determined that never

again should a sick person be found without the means of getting medical aid, and he therefore founded the Royal Free Hospital, the first hospital where the only passports necessary to admission were sickness or accident.

The Royal Free Hospital was again a pioneer in 1877 when it was the first hospital in England to open its wards to women medical students. The Royal Free Hospital is a general hospital for the treatment of men, women and children.

So let us rally to the Royal Free Hospital to which all women American and British owe so much. Let us all, Guiders, Guides and Girl Scouts send gifts in money or toys to Dr. May Thorne, O.B.E., Hon. Secretary Toy and Crafts Fair, Royal Free Hospital, Grays Inn Road, London, England.

## WALTHAM, MASS.

Friday, May 27, 1921, twelve girls of Troop 2, Waltham, started for Scituate, where we spent three delightful days.

Saturday morning, after breakfast, we took our lunch and hiked to a breakwater about two miles from the cottage. Some of the girls went in bathing off the rocks and got very

much scratched up.

Sunday morning we dressed in our uniforms and went to church.

As a result we formed a part of the Memorial Day parade of Scituate.

## GIRL SCOUTS

I'd rather be a Girl Scout  
Than be extremely wealthy,  
Because the things we learn to do  
Both keeps us strong and healthy.  
Our uniforms of khaki drab  
Are perfect to extreme  
To own and wear one surpasses  
A girl's most cherished dream.  
Our hats are like the soldiers'  
Our discipline is, too,  
The object of our training  
Is to make us brave and true.  
We go on hikes, have picnics  
And camp throughout vacation  
And we are taught how to enjoy  
Good wholesome recreation.  
Our sports are like the Boy Scouts,  
We even learn to swim,  
When obstacles present themselves  
We tackle them with vim.  
The name of our own company  
Is Goldenrod number five,  
And when we are all together  
We are the happiest troop alive.

AGNES PETERSON,  
Goldenrod Troop No. 5,  
St. Paul, Minnesota

# CONVERTING MRS. NOSHUNS

By Eliza Morgan Swift

Girl Scout Commissioner of Colorado Springs and a Member of the National Standards Committee

Illustrated by J. H. Litchfield

## NOTE ON THE PLAY

*Converting Mrs. Noshuns—is a play which can be given much local colour and interest by changing the names of people and places to those well known in the locality where it is presented. The names of the trails and streams apply well enough to any camping country and it will perhaps be simpler to retain them. But when the play is given in the East the ranches referred to in Acts 1 and 2 should be spoken of as farms. It also facilitates the production to use the real names of the Scouts who take part, except, of course, the four principal characters who carry the story. Mrs. Noshuns, her two daughters, and Miss De Kay. All the others have short lines and it saves much confusion in rehearsals if the girls' first names are used.*

## CAST OF PROLOGUE

Scene in Mrs. Noshuns' parlor, on a Friday afternoon in July.

Mrs. Noshuns.

Sadie Noshuns, Mrs. Noshun's thirteen-year-old daughter.

Clara Noshuns, Mrs. Noshun's seven-year-old daughter.

A Girl Scout Director.

A Girl Scout.

## CAST OF ACT I

Scene in a Girl Scout mountain camp, the following week, at 8 o'clock in the morning.

Camp Director.

Two Flag Raisers.

Scouts who receive the orders of the day for—Violet troop, Narcissus troop, Jonquil troop, Columbine troop, Forget-Me-Not troop, Poppy troop, Flag troop, Goldenrod troop, Holly troop.

Fishing Girls, Wood Gatherers, Blanket Girls, Water Cress Gatherers, Merit Badge Scouts, Painters, Modellers, Cabinet Workers, Nature Students, Clerk, Gardeners.

Scouts taking part in:

Folk Dance, Wand Drill, Military Drill.

Semaphore Scouts.

Rae and Margaret.

## CAST OF ACT II

Scene same as Act I, dropping of the curtain indicates the passing of one hour.

Four Stretcher Bearers.

Candidate for Golden Eaglet.

Her Patrol Leader.

Scout Commissioner.  
Wild Rose Troop Glee Club.  
Ukelele Orchestra.

## PROLOGUE

*Mrs. Noshuns' parlor. Mrs. N. is tying a large bow of ribbon on Clara's hair. She is a very much over-dressed person and her gown is too tight and too short. Clara is a sweet little girl of seven, but uncomfortably clean and dressed up. A piano can be heard in another room on which someone is laboriously playing five-finger exercises.*



Mrs. N.: There, Clara; that will do—and when you hear the bell you can run and let the ladies in. Just say it's the maid's day out.

Clara: What maid, mother?

Mrs. N.: Don't ask stupid questions, and do go tell Sadie that she needn't practice those dreadful exercises all afternoon; tell her to play, "The Angel's Serenade" or some new piece like that. There, run along.

Clara (runs off calling): Sadie! Sadie!

Sadie (running in, she is a nice clumsy girl, with very high-heeled fancy boots, very thin waist and much curled hair, quite out of keeping with her thirteen years): Mother, is it true that Miss de Kay is coming today about the Girl Scouts?

Mrs. N.: Miss DeKay is coming to see me, and it may be about the Girl Scouts.

Sadie (delighted): Are you going to let me join?

Mrs. N. (severely): Certainly not. I had to let Miss de Kay come, but I shall just tell her what nonsense I think it is.

Sadie (bitterly disappointed): Oh! mother.

Mrs. N. (with dignity): Yes, Sadie, I think it's high time some one should put their foot down on these new fangled ideas.

Sadie: But, mother, Miss De Kay is a lady; a real lady. You couldn't be rude to her, could you?

Mrs. N. (impatiently): I guess I know who Miss De Kay is and how to treat her without your telling me; I can't imagine what's gotten into you lately, Sadie Noshuns; you're all the time setting yourself up to know more than your mother. But let me just tell you that I mean to bring you up as I think best, and I'll not have any interference from Miss De Kay or any one else.

Sadie (almost crying): Oh, you don't understand. Miss De Kay isn't a bit like that. She's perfectly sweet, and so are all the scouts.

Mrs. N. (severely): Sadie, stop that whining! And go back to your practicing; I won't have you arguing with me.

Bell rings.

Sadie (hastily wiping her eyes): There's the bell. Can't I stay? I promise not to say a word.

Mrs. N. (hurrying her off): Certainly not! Go at once. Why, your dress isn't even clean.

Sadie (sadly, half to herself): Miss De Kay wouldn't mind. (She goes to the door and stops.) Oh, mother, please think it over. (Mrs. N. makes an impatient gesture for her to hurry and she goes out.)

Mrs. N. (settles herself and picks up a book from the table and begins reading it upside down.)

Clara (bringing in the ladies with a good deal of excitement): There they are, mamma.

Mrs. N. (looks up inquiringly as though interrupted in the middle of a paragraph): Ah! yes? (then rising and in her best social manner): This is Miss De Kay, I suppose.

Miss De K. (an attractive young society girl very simply and smartly dressed comes forward and shakes hands): How do you do, Mrs. Noshuns; it was very kind of you to see me. (Turning to Alice): This is Alice Long, one of my Scouts, and a friend of Sadie's.

Alice (an attractive girl of thirteen or fourteen in a very neat Girl Scout uniform, steps forward pleas-

antly to shake hands, but Mrs. Noshuns looks disapprovingly at the uniform and merely nods.)

Mrs. N.: How do you do?

Alice (quite taken aback at Mrs. N.'s manner, says very shyly): How do you do?

Miss De K. (anxious to relieve her embarrassment): We had hoped to find Sadie here.

Mrs. N.: Sadie is practicing, and I never allow anything to interfere with her music. (Strains of the "Angel's Serenade" violently pounded out of a piano are heard accompanying the rest of the conversation.)

Miss De K.: Oh, I'm sorry. (Turning to Alice): Then I think perhaps you had better wait for me in the motor.

Alice: Very well, Miss De Kay. (She turns to go and Little Clara, who has been standing at one side watching Alice admiringly ever since ushering the guests in, runs and takes her hand.)

Clara: Please may I come with you?

Alice: Yes, come along (they go out together).

Miss De K.: Is Sadie very fond of music?

Mrs. N.: Not very; but I keep after her about it. (Then very affectedly): I think a mother can't be too particular about these things. It means so much to a young girl to be proficient in the arts.

Miss De K. (a little puzzled): Yes, indeed, Mrs. Noshuns. (Then more enthusiastically): We try to keep that idea before the Scouts, you know, and any natural talent they have is encouraged. I suppose Sadie has told you how anxious we are to have her join.

Mrs. N.: Sadie has said something about it; but I haven't cared to discuss it with her.

Miss De Kay: Oh, I hope you are not opposed to the idea?

Mrs. N. (with an attempt at graciousness): I'm afraid I am, Miss De Kay. To tell the truth I can't see what good Sadie could get out of it.

Miss De K. (enthusiastically): Oh,

there's every kind of good, Mrs. Noshuns. The girls get so much help in every way. It encourages and teaches them to be really useful and industrious at home, and to do better work in school, and to be of real value in the community. (Warning to her subject): Why, there's hardly a phase of a girl's life that isn't broadened and strengthened by contact with the Girl Scout movement.

Mrs. N. (unimpressed): Really?

Miss De K.: Yes, indeed. You have no idea what it does for them. It helps them in every way, in mind and body, and character. And then think of the opportunity for a girl to be thrown with all those other girls, and to get their ideas and—

Mrs. N. (interrupting): That's my principal objection; I shouldn't care at all to have Sadie going with such a mixed crowd.

Miss De K. (taken back): But they are all nice girls, Mrs. Noshuns.

Mrs. N. (with great superiority): It depends what you call nice, Miss De Kay. Why only this morning the man who takes care of our furnace told me with great pride his daughter was a member.

Miss De K. (smiling): Really! What was his name?

Mrs. N.: Barber—James Barber.

Miss De K.: Oh, yes, of course; that must be Helen Barber's father. Why she's a perfectly splendid girl, Mrs. Noshuns. She has earned enough money to support herself while she is in High School—and she helps her family in every possible way besides. Yes, indeed, she is one of our best scouts.

Mrs. N. (getting quite excited): I don't see how you young ladies can lend yourselves to such things. Why, you don't seem to pay any attention at all to who's who any more. You just associate with anybody.

Miss De K. (gently and trying to make her understand): But don't you think these things have been changed by the war? Everyone has new standards. Perhaps we don't pay so much attention to people just because they have money and social position as we used to—but we care a lot more about character, and ability, and whether people are making good in the worth-while things—the things that are really going to help in the world today.

Mrs. N.: I don't see what the Girl Scouts have to do with it.

Miss De K.: Why, everything. Here's a society that gives every girl in the United States the opportunity to show what she's worth, what's she's good for. It doesn't matter what her opportunities have been, if she's got the right stuff in her, she's bound to



prove it, and to have it recognized. And everything is done to help her and to develop the best that is in her. Why it's the most perfectly democratic organization—

Mrs. N. (interrupting impatiently): That's just what I don't believe in, all this democratic business. I want my girls to grow up to be perfect ladies.

Miss de K.: But that is just what all the scouts try to be.

Mrs. N.: Well, it's not my idea of perfect ladies, running around with anybody's children and wearing uniforms, and doing mannish things out of doors—I'm sure I wouldn't have been the lady I am if I'd been brought up so.

Miss De K. (disappointedly): I'm afraid you haven't quite understood the spirit of it.

Mrs. N. (with asperity): I'm afraid I haven't, but I guess I'm not smart enough to catch on to all these new spirits I hear talked about. I used to hear a lot about the Spirit of the War, and now there's the Spirit of the Times and the Spirit of Democracy, and here you're talking about the Spirit of the Scouts. A lot of nonsense, I call it.

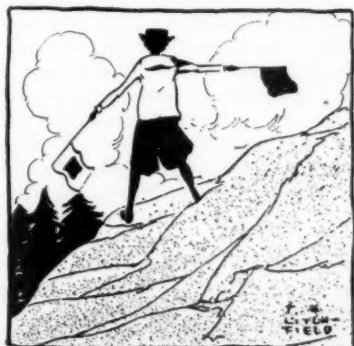
Miss De K.: Oh, please, don't say that! I'm sure you don't mean it. Why, I often see you at the Co-operative work rooms.

Mrs. N.: That's quite a different matter. There's a lot of real swell women on the board, and I'm most particular who I sit next to.

Miss De K. (trying not to smile): Really, Mrs. Noshuns?

Mrs. N.: I certainly am. Oh, I see Mrs. (name of some well-known local woman) going round talking to everybody, like they were real friends. But, of course, I know she'd much rather sit down to a nice visit with folks of her own sort like you and me.

Miss De K. (laughing): I'm not so sure of that. But, please let me tell you a little more about the practical side of our Scout life. There's a great deal of physical benefit for the girls, you know—and next week





we are all going to the Summer Camp—where the girls can have such a happy, healthy, useful vacation.

Mrs. N.: Oh, I believe in getting near to Nature. I take the girls picnicking a lot in these warm months. But I don't want them roughing it, getting their hands all scratched up and paying no attention to their clothes or their complexions. What's the use of me paying out good money for a manicure and hair dress for Sadie and then have her run wild in the woods? No, Miss De Kay; I'm afraid I look at these things very differently from what you do.

Miss De K. (*sadly*): I'm afraid you do—and I'm so sorry, for the girls are all so fond of Sadie and they will be very disappointed. (*she rises.*) And they tell me Sadie was very anxious to come to the Camp, I'm afraid she'll be disappointed too.

Mrs. N. (*with great dignity*): I hope Sadie will have sufficient respect for her mother's opinion not to want anything I don't want her to have.

Miss De K.: Indeed, I hope so. (*she holds out her hand.*) Good-bye, Mrs. Noshuns. If you ever change your mind, you will let me know, won't you?

Mrs. N. (*assuming her best social manner again*): Yes, indeed, Miss De Kay—and I do hope you will call again, soon. I'm always at home on Thursdays.

Miss De K.: Thank you, good-bye.

Mrs. N.: Good-bye (*Miss De Kay goes out*).

Sadie (*rushes in*): Have they gone? (*looks at her mother's face*): Did you say "No," mother?

Mrs. N.: I did.

Sadie (*throwing herself onto a chair and bursting into tears*): Oh, Mother, Mother! I don't see how you can be so cruel.

Mrs. N. (*stands looking at her*): Sadie, you are a very ungrateful girl.

CURTAIN

## ACT II

Morning assembly in Camp. Before the curtain rises all sing: "Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue." Curtain rises and all stand at full salute while the two Flag Raisers raise the Flag. All give the oath of allegiance to it. Orders of the day follow, given by Miss De Kay.

### ORDERS OF THE DAY

Miss De K. (*in uniform*): This afternoon, instead of the usual hour for sports, immediately following the rest hour, all scouts will assemble here. Miss— (*the commissioner*) will come down to award the Golden Eaglet to Scout— and to give out merit badges. Troops should assemble here at 4:30. All girls working for merit badges will wait for a few



minutes after this meeting for their specific orders. Troops will report for morning exercise as follows: Jonquil troop will meet for military drill by the big oak in the hollow, immediately, and receive further orders for the day there.

Violet troop will report to Miss Duncan for assignment to the kitchen and mess-tent duties for the day.

Forget-Me-Not and Kinnikinnik troops report to Mrs. Nelson for their class in First-Aid at 9 o'clock, at Assembly tent.

Narcissus and Red Clover troops report to Miss Kissel at 9:30 for signalling at the top of Look Out Rock.

Poppy and Oak troops report here at 9 o'clock for class in folk dancing.

Flag and Wild Rose troops report here at 9:45 for practice of your wand drill.

Golden Rod troops will report here at 10:30 for gymnastic work.

Holly troop will report here at 11:15 for military drill. Margaret and Maco, take your rods and fish in the creek below Beaver Dam, but stay within the two-mile mark.

Luella and Dorothy will gather firewood for the camp. Take hatchets and be sure to bring in only dry wood. Margaret and Ruth, go above Beaver Dam and gather water cress for luncheon.

Now for the Merit Badge Scouts. You four girls who are working for the Artist Merit Badge, bring your work here (*exit the four girls*).

The scouts working for the Bird and Flower study merit, get glasses and cameras and report to me here for further information (*exit six girls*).

Beatrice, you must go on with the reports for Miss— (*the commissioner*) which will almost complete your work for the Clerk Merit Badge (*Beatrice goes to work at typewriter*).

Garden girls, please get your tools and report to Mrs. Wright for your morning's work (*they exit*).

Orders over, and stage clear, except for the working scouts. Miss De K. stops to speak with Beatrice about

her reports and then for a second steps over and criticizes the artists' work. Then with a hurried glance at her watch, she notes that it is time for the folk dancing and blows the whistle, one long blast for them to come in.

The Garden Girls meander across the stage just before the whistle blows and after the whistle blast the Folk Dancers skip in, in a long chain.

(*Folk dancing—the girls are dressed in middies and bloomers.*)

Just as they are finishing Mrs. Noshuns enters at the right back entrance and the second Miss De Kay sees her she blows her whistle once and the scouts fall back in a semi-circle, giving Miss De Kay their best attention.

Mrs. Noshuns and her two girls move down towards the front. They are heavily laden with rugs, baskets, etc.

They stop surprised as the troop falls back. Miss De Kay advances towards her.

As she shakes hands:

Miss De K.: Why, Mrs. Noshuns, this is a great surprise.

Mrs. N.: I'm just as much surprised as you are, Miss De Kay. I didn't know that you were camping here.

Miss De K.: We've been here for almost a fortnight—won't you and the girls stay and watch the drilling?

Mrs. N.: Oh, no, thank you; we are just going a little ways for a picnic. I left the motor at the ranch house back there. But I'm afraid I've gotten off the path. It's a long time since I've been up here (*rather crossly to Sadie*): I thought it was funny of Sadie to insist on coming so far today.

Sadie: I didn't know the camp were here; truly, I didn't, mother.

Mrs. N.: Well, you made a pretty good guess at it. Pick up that coat, Sadie; it's all on the ground.

Miss De K.: We can put you on the trail, if you want to go up the creek (*turns to the girls*): Dorothy, you and Caroline and Katharine help Mrs. Noshuns with her things and show her the Beaver Dam trail. (*the three girls take Mrs. N.'s bundles and wait back of her.*)

Mrs. N. (*who has been looking disapprovingly at the bloomers*): You don't want them to go away from camp like that, do you?

Miss De K. (*laughing*): Oh, these are the best kind of clothes for the mountains, Mrs. Noshuns. And they won't meet anyone.

Mrs. N. (*disapprovingly*): Come on, Sadie and Clara (*turning to Miss De Kay*): I suppose there's no way back excepting through the camp.

Miss De K.: I'm afraid not, at least

none that would be easy for you to find alone. But if you would like it better, I can send a scout out to show you a trail about a mile above here, when you are ready to go back. But it's pretty rough walking.

Mrs. N. (*looking down at her thin boots*): No, never mind, thank you. I guess we can come back this way, if it's shorter (*they start off, led by the three scouts.*)

Mrs. N. (*turning back just as she is leaving, to Miss De K.*): There aren't any snakes there, are there?

Miss De K. (*who cannot resist the temptation to tease a little*): Not any really dangerous snakes, Mrs. Noshuns; you may see a few garters and black snakes, but they won't hurt you.

Mrs. N. (*shivering*): Ugh! how horrid! (*she hesitates, then goes out.*)

Miss De K.: (*to the troop*). Troop dismissed.

Just as these girls go off the stage, the girls carrying blankets come out of the tent. They carry their loads of blankets off the stage. Two blasts from the whistle and the girls with wands march in. They are led by their instructor and go through their drill. When dismissed they run off in all directions, some loiter along. As they go off six scouts with cameras and glasses and note books come in, part entering from the right and others from the back.

Miss De K.: Girls, you can go as far west as the High road, and north to Dickerman's Ranch. Keep above the Dam and below the old bridge. Have you your compasses?

Margaret: Yes, Miss De Kay, and we are taking sandwiches with us.

Miss De Kay: Very well. Be back in time for the ceremony.

Margaret: Yes, indeed (*they run off left and Miss De K. blows three blasts for the Golden Rod Gymnastic dance. Enter back. This drill completed, the girls exit back*): Miss De K. blows four blasts, and the commands for the military drill follow. Enter left to right. Exit right to left.

Mrs. N. (*just as the line is three-quarters off, enters right back, hatless and quite disheveled, calling*): Miss De Kay! Miss De Kay!

Miss De K. (*calls out*): Troops dismissed (*and then turns to Mrs. N.*): What has happened?

Mrs. N.: Oh, I don't know; but I can't find the girls anywhere. They went down to the creek and I said I'd call them when lunch was ready. And I called and called and they didn't answer. I've climbed up and down that dreadful place, but they are not there, anywhere. This is all there was (*holds out a book*).

Miss De K. (*reading the title*): "The Romantic Adventures of Evelyn Bird." That doesn't tell us very much, does it?

Mrs. N.: It tells me enough. Sadie is always poring over a book instead of looking out for Clara and that's probably just what's happened.

Miss De K.: Oh, I see, and Clara strayed away and Sadie has gone to find her—well, they can't have gotten very far.

Mrs. N. (*about to cry*): Oh, I suppose not; but I'm afraid they have fallen into the creek, or met a wild beast, or—or something.

Miss De K.: Why, Mrs. Noshuns—there are no wild beasts near here, and the creek isn't deep enough for them to fall in. Now don't be upset. (*Mrs. N. breaks down completely.*)

We'll send out the girls and they'll find them in no time. They can't have had more than an hour's start.

Mrs. N. (*sitting down pathetically*): I leave everything in your hands.

Miss De K. (*to bugler*): Get your bugle and sound the assembly. Mary, see if you can reach any of the girls with the semaphore flags. Run over to the kitchen, Norma, and tell the cook the girls will want a bite to eat before they start and to serve anything she has ready, and look in at the dining tent and tell the girls they're to have a lot of bread and butter ready right away (*the model girls leave their work and join the group*). The bugle is heard outside. The signal girl, Mary, is at the back signalling to some one.

Mary: Oh, Miss De Kay, I've got Mary and Jo. They are over at the edge of the pine road.

Miss De K.: Tell them to come back down the creek and to look for Sadie and Clara. (*Mary signals.*)

The troops come hurrying in. As soon as they are assembled Miss De Kay addressed them.

Miss De K.: Girls, Sadie and Clara Noshuns have strayed off somewhere above Pine Tree Point, on the Beaver Dam trail. You will all want to search for them, I know.

Girls: Oh, yes, yes!

Miss De Kay: Emma, tell Golden Rod troop to follow the line of the old timber road west.

Holly troop, you can go down the creek as far as the dam. Oak troop can go across the creek and take the first trail to White rock and then turn north towards the Harding ranch.

Girls, you all know your own section of the country. I want each troop to cover its own ground and search. (*To Dorothy*): Dorothy, you know just where Mrs. Noshuns was picnicing. Take all the scouts there and let them start their search from there.

Miss De K.: Rae and Margaret, I want you to stay in camp in case anything is needed here. Now, girls, off with you and stop at the mess-tent and get what you can to eat before you start. (*The girls of all troops out.*)

Rae (*to Miss De K.*): What shall we do?

Miss De K.: You can run over and tell cook that Mrs. Noshuns will have lunch with me and since we are all alone perhaps you girls will bring it to us here.

Rae: Oh, we'd love to. (*They run out.*)

Mrs. N.: Oh, I couldn't eat a thing.

Miss De K.: You must try, Mrs. Noshuns; you'll feel a lot better for it, and it may be several hours before the girls get back.

Mrs. N.: Several hours! Oh, what do you mean?

Miss De K.: Well, you see, Sadie and Clara may have been gone some time before you began to search for them, and my idea is that they have lost their way. And they are probably hurrying as fast as they can in the wrong direction.

Mrs. N.: Oh, dear! Oh, dear! my poor children! How can they ever be found?

Miss De K.: The scouts will catch up with them, never fear. They know every foot of this country, and they'll make good time. Only you mustn't be anxious if it takes a little while.

Mrs. N.: Oh, I hope you're right, but it just shows how unfitted girls are for going about like this. I ought never to have brought Sadie and Clara so far from town.

Rae (*coming on stage*): Here is your lunch, Miss De Kay. (*Rae and*

(*Continued on page 30*)



# Philadelphia Girl Scouts

Edited by  
FRANCES CLARK  
Director

## THE FIFTH NATIONAL TRAINING SCHOOL—PHILADELPHIA GIRL SCOUT CAMP Langhorne, Pa.

We arrived at Camp about two o'clock, Saturday, after a hilarious truck ride. We were all starved, but food was not the first thing on the program. We were welcomed in the Camp house. Miss Rebmann assigned us to our tents. After we had found our homes, we dashed after water and wash basins, then the very welcome mess call summoned us. By the time we had finished, our luggage had arrived and everyone rushed to unpack.

After a while the bugle called us to the camp house, where we were registered by Miss Rebmann and interviewed by Mrs. Mundy. We were divided into three patrols with the following patrol leaders:

Patrol No. 1, Miss Feaster; Patrol No. 2, Miss Stricker; Patrol No. 3, Miss Strain. The rest of us were assigned to these leaders. Each patrol gathered to decide upon patrol emblems, yells, calls, and songs. While we were doing this, we had iced tea and cakes.

Soon we found that it was almost time for retreat and that we needed considerable practice. After retreat, we marched to the camp house for mess. For some time after mess everyone was busy with fatigue duty. Later we were assembled in the camp house where Mrs. Mundy read the camp rules and talked to us for a while. After that she taught us a new round and told us that we should try to learn a new song every day.

Then each patrol sang its patrol song and gave the yell. Patrol No. 1 had chosen the Bob White as their bird; Patrol No. 2 took Pepper as their symbol; Patrol No. 3 took the Owl. The songs and yells and emblems were very clever. When everyone had finished we sang our good night song. The bugler sounded tattoo and later taps, then we all turned in.

Sunday morning did not dawn—it gradually appeared, accompanied by unmistakable rain. Soon after re-

veille came morning colors. The color guard for the day was changed and we marched into mess. After mess everyone was busy with fatigue duty.

Later followed tent inspection and then personal inspection. The girls who did not go to church had a short service in the camp house, after that we had a wonderful swim. When mess came we were ready for it.

Some word was heard around Camp early Sunday morning that we were to have chicken for dinner. Everyone took it for a joke and passed it along to the next fellow. When the mess squad began to put dishes of real honest-to-goodness chicken and rice on the table the crowd almost lost their appetite with surprise, still, that wasn't anything compared to the effect the sight of ice cream had. Everyone sat with their mouth open looking as if they were afraid it was going to bite; after a few minutes, however, they all seemed to realize it was real stuff and not a nightmare they were having from over-eating.

The afternoon was spent very quietly, during which the visitors were received. Miss Martin and Miss Cadwallader made good use of the free time by painting the two boats and canoes. When they had finished they could easily have been taken for Squaw Rain-in-the-Face, Laughing-Water, or any of our other dark skinned sisters, ready for the war path. At four o'clock we were greatly refreshed with iced tea.

In the evening all the girls gathered in the house for camp fire. The Log for the day was read and approved, after which Miss Rebmann again read the duties of the different squads. Following this the different patrols gave their songs and cheers. Patrol No. 3 won first place for their song, while No. 2 received second. Patrol No. 2 received honorable mention for their cheer, and we have to admit they deserved it, for it certainly was "peppy."

Reveille roused us to consciousness and calisthenics each morning and the pajama brigade was in its usual de"gage" form. More stripes were shown in the pajama parade than we drew in the American flag for our tenderfoot test.

Mrs. Mundy took half the troop to the creek for instruction in fire-building. The instruction was excellent, but the building was not very successful. Miss Cassatt, Miss Watt and Miss Hitze seemed to be the only ones who could lure the fires to life. Miss Newman, the nurse in charge, took the other half of the troop for test in bed-making.

The rest period welcomed all the flies and mosquitoes in Langhorne to Camp Ahmeek and congregation at the back of our tents made sleep very difficult; also old King Sol did his level best to make the heat as intensive as possible.

When free time came many rushed to the bank of the creek to build their fires. Those succeeding were promoted from fire builder to extinguisher and received their reward at bathing time. A man was seen on the premises and was a subject for a great deal of conversation. To the relief of all we discovered he was not a constable, but merely the proprietor of the Camp site.

Patrol No. 3 was astonished to find one member missing at retreat. Indignation aroused on finding that 8 points had been deducted because of her desertion. One member volunteered the information that they would have probably lost 10 points had she died.

The lighters were dismayed one morning to find that so much oil had been used. Had they gone through the tents after taps the faces and arms of the occupants would have given them a clue as to where it had gone. As usual, it rained, and had Mr. Moon been on guard he would have seen many pajama-clad Scouts loosening guy ropes and pulling down flaps.

The calisthenics were quite unusual one morning, owing to the fact that practice makes perfect we were able to get into our clothes—quite imperfectly, nevertheless on time. The Flag was raised and Star Spangled Banner sung though rain was falling quite rapidly. Never did the first verse of our National Anthem nor the march from the flag pole to the camp house seem so long.

During mess a jolly spirit was manifested and songs were heard from all quarters. Soon after—dash—dot; dash—dot; was heard from all corners. This was not an alarming exclamation, but simply meant that we were learning Morse Code and were very desirous of passing our tests. Even the dot . dash — was taken into the rest period and many who did not sleep could scarcely refrain from visualizing the code on the ceiling of their tent.

At our last supper together for many days, joy was much in evidence, although many songs were rendered wherein the girls begged to stay longer and promised to come back. The juniors washed their last supper dishes in Camp and then when assembly sounded for Camp fire there roved over the campus many theatrical representatives unknown in the professional theatrical world.



## Scouting Activities in Minneapolis

Edited by Marjorie Edgar, Director  
89 So. 10th Street

### NINE-MILE CAMP

Our temporary camp at Nine-Mile Valley, in spite of many handicaps—not enough money, old equipment, and no real swimming—is a great success. The cabin was used as an Officers' Headquarters, for the daily Court of Honor, and for "stunts." On the hill above stand the cook shack and dining porch, the shacks, the portable and the tent. The first week the campers were older girls, ranging from Tenderfoot to First Class, from campers of three seasons' experience to girls who had never camped before and had to be "initiated" at the second night's camp fire. Competition was very strong between the three patrols. The fatigue duties—table setting, dishwashing, burying garbage, keeping the "yard" raked up, supplies, wood and water—were so well done that hardly any points were lost. Personal and shack inspection, held every morning at 9:30, was also very good, and again more points were gained than lost. Special jobs—mending the portables, weeding the garden, making shelves for the wash basins and odd jobs or carpentry—were announced each morning at assembly and the quickest patrol to finish fatigue duty got the job and worked enthusiastically for points. Of course the best trail and the best patrol stunt counted—both being won by Patrol No. 2, brought their final points up to 11, with Patrols 1 and 3 tied at 13 points each. Instruction included bird, flower and tree study, trailing, map-making, and ballad rehearsals. On Visitors' Day and Councillors' Day, when we were inspected by Mrs. Wales, the girls gave the "Wraggle Taggle Gypsies," "Oh, No, John," "The Keys of Canterbury," and a new one, "The Briery Bush," in which the Hangman, although he had nothing to sing, had the most effective part. The camp song, "Nine-Mile Valley to Cross," was originated, and each patrol added a verse. The hottest June for twenty years made the creek very popular and two deep pools were found by the girls where they

could float and do the "dead man's crawl." The woods were explored and nests discovered—lark finches', sapsucker's, phoebes', cuckoo's and song sparrows'. The food was so good that it figures in all the camp songs, and Miss Cross and Miss Riggs (known as the Skipper and the Mate, but really our Camp Managers) were kept busy feeding the mob at eight in the morning, twelve-thirty and six-fifteen.

On the second Saturday of camp, another group of scouts came out, representing three troops of younger girls. Miss Edgar was replaced as Commandant by Miss Thoorsell and Miss Lydia Thompson as Assistant by Miss Muriel Burdick. The same hot weather stayed, but the mosquitoes got discouraged and apparently died of the heat. Patrol stunts showed much originality this week. The traditional "Wraggle Taggle Gypsies" was especially well done, with quite delightful gypsies. Given on Visitors' Day, it was repeated on Councillors' Day, when Mrs. Baxter and Miss Paterson came out to inspect. One of the scouts had written a play, "Back from Camp," for a patrol stunt, which was repeated for the Councillors and applauded by them, and brought out the fact that everyone has gone home weighing more than when they came to camp.

Mrs. Wales, chairman of the Camp Committee, comes in at Assembly once a week, and last week she invited all the campers to Waleswood, where the new campers had their first sight of the river, and everyone had lemonade and cake and cookies.

We are now well along on our third week of camping. In spite of having to install a well, and boil and cool every drop of water, while it was being installed; in spite of the quaintness of camping without a lake (what tea is to the English officers, lakes are to the Minnesota ones); in spite of the bad case of ivy poisoning contracted by a lieutenant, and one case of illness among the scouts, the camping is better than ever before, and scouts, mothers, and officers are equally enthusiastic. The rules about talking after "Lights Out" and during rest hour have been kept perfectly, so that everyone has been able to live up to their Health Laws as well as their Scout Laws. The preliminary physical examinations given at the office have been very thorough this year and well worth while to the general scout health. We are grateful to Dr. Rypins for his services.

### OFFICERS TRAINING CAMP

The Officers' Training Camp at Innisfree (near Cable, Wis.), will open

the morning of August 10th and close on the afternoon of August 22d. There will be a fee of \$10.00, in which everything (except, of course, traveling expenses and transportation from the station to the camp, a distance of ten miles) is included. If you know Northern Wisconsin or Northern Minnesota, you can imagine what the camp looks like. Of course, it is on a very clear, deep lake, which you cross by boat and canoe to reach a point that is almost an island. The point is covered with birch and fir trees with a clearing for the cottage, the portable, and the tents where we will live. Instruction will include nature study, swimming, map-making, camp cooking, games, and trailing. Officers will take turns, by patrols, in cooking their own meals, over an open fireplace in fair weather and a stove for the rainy days. Miss Burdick has guaranteed to teach even the poorest swimmer to be a life saver. Games, map-making and patrol system generally are to be taught by Miss Agnes Maynard. Miss Maynard, of the South of England Training School, is perhaps the greatest scout authority on games, and has invented some for the Guides that our scouts have found particularly thrilling. And she tells very jolly "yarns" for which Mrs. Little, on whose property we are camping, has lent us her room with the big fireplace, where we intend to spend our evenings, after days of making trails and doing real pioneering. Reservations have been made for twenty officers, from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Winthrop, Anoka, and one from Wisconsin. These officers include five Council members, three from Minneapolis and two from St. Paul. The Twin Cities had a very pleasant three-day officers' camp, in May, and want to repeat their experience. The famous patrols that stayed over Decoration Day at the cabin—the Wood Ticks and the Woodpeckers—will be represented at Innisfree and have recruited their full number.

### ON THE TRAIL

Miss Margarette Morse (Troop 20) is enjoying her camping experiences, and, of course, is most enthusiastic about Miss Maynard's visit to Camp Andree.

Miss Eleanor Hainer, in charge of the Normal School scouting course, at Kalamazoo, Mich., finds her work very interesting.

Miss Thompson has gone to the Officers' Training Camp at Cincinnati, which commenced on July 11th. She will return in time for the first meeting of the Innisfree "staff" on August 5th, at Fair Oaks.



## FIRST AID NOTES

**Mad Dog Bite.** Dr. William C. Deming, an experienced writer and specialist in First Aid Work, has called our attention to the Handbook directions for treating mad dog bites on page 190, which he asserts are misleading. In the Handbook the treatment for mad dog bites and snake bites is given as the same. This is wrong, because the nature of the two injuries and the result of the poisons is entirely different. In snake bite we have a small puncture by which a powerful poison is introduced and squirted deep into the tissues and then taken up by the blood current, reaching the central nervous system indirectly. The poison is not a living organism and does not grow. In the case of the dog bite we have a more extensive lesion, sometimes involving a deep wound in the flesh, through which the poison of hydrophobia, which is a living virus, may be introduced, to be taken up slowly by the nerves themselves, reaching the central nervous system in about forty days. The slowness and method of this absorption precludes the use of a ligature.

The treatment recommended for dog bite by Dr. Deming is therefore as follows:

**Immediate.** Send for a physician, telling him the reason. While waiting, treat as any similar wound from any cause. If the skin is not penetrated, but scratched only, apply iodine and a sterile, or wet dressing. If the skin is penetrated, the treatment should be the same as for a wound made by a dirty nail; that is, a small stick, such as a match, whittled to a point, with a little cotton twisted on the point, should be dipped into tincture of iodine, and twisted down into the full depth of the wound, and then done a second time.

**Subsequent.** A physician should be consulted immediately, and if there is any suspicion of the dog being sick it should be kept under observation. The body of a dog that has been killed under suspicion of rabies or hydrophobia, should be sent as soon as possible to the proper authorities.

One of the greatest discoveries in

medical science is the Pasteur treatment for the prevention of hydrophobia after mad dog bite, and fortunately, provision for this treatment is so widespread that practically every one in civilized regions needing it can have it, as is well known to all physicians.

The fact that the period of development of the disease is so long makes the possibility of prevention greater.

Dr. Deming adds that it is never proper to suck a dog bite, because the merest scratch or break in the surface, even if too small to notice, will serve as a portal of entry for the living virus of rabies.

**Snake Bite.** The treatment for snake bite, given in the Handbook on page 297, Dr. Deming considers entirely adequate, though he believes that "sucking the wound is always proper, for even if there are breaks in the mucous membrane of the mouth, the amount of chemical virus that could be absorbed would hardly be enough to cause appreciable effects. Snake venom is not a living, multiplying virus like that of rabies."

The recipes given below are taken from a book soon to be published by Barse and Hopkins called "The Junior Cook Book," which is to be specially edited for Girl Scouts. The book, which is being written by Clara Ingram Judson, author of "The Camp at Gravel Point," will doubtless be invaluable to Camp Directors and all Girl Scout leaders.

## CAMP BISCUIT

Mix together 3 cupfuls of flour, 3 teaspoonfuls baking powder, 1-2 teaspoonful salt. Flour should be sifted before taking to camp, unless a make-shift sifter is at hand. With a fork toss ingredients together till well mixed. With the finger tips work in 2 tablespoonfuls bacon drippings and 1 tablespoonful butter. (All bacon fat can be used if butter is not to be spared for cooking, but a little butter makes a better biscuit. Note that very little salt is used because this fat is salty.

When the whole mass looks "crumbly" dust off the hands and, with a fork, work in 3-4 cupful of wetting. This may be all water or part milk and part water as is most convenient. Milk, or part milk, makes the best biscuit, but the others are very good. Flour, when not freshly sifted, may take up more water than usual; in that case add enough more water to make a soft dough.

Pat out till about 3-4 inch thick. Use a clean paper or stone for a rolling board and pat with the fingers instead of rolling.

With a cup, can top or other tool dipped in flour, cut into biscuits.

Bake about 20 minutes and serve at once.

Biscuits rolled 1-2 inch thick will bake quicker if the fire is uncertain than those rolled thicker.

When done, biscuits will be brown, top and bottom, and will not stick to a bit of straw thrust into the side. A little practice will enable a cook to tell when biscuits are done without the bother of testing.

For variety, raisins may be added on occasion, (1-2 cupful to the above) or 1 cupful of bran flour may be used, instead of all wheat flour.

The above recipe will serve 8 or 9 if meat and vegetables are served at the meal. If only ham and eggs are used, increase the recipe by one-half.

## COOKING CHOPS OR STEAK

When fresh meat can be obtained in the form of chops or a steak, it can be cooked in a wire toaster. This utensil is light to carry and very easy to clean—two big advantages.

Wipe the meat carefully and lay in the toaster. Clamp the upper wires down tightly.

Have a bed of hot coals ready. Be sure that there are two stones or logs on which the toaster may rest.

When everything else for the meal is ready to be served in six minutes, lay the toaster over the coals.

Cook three minutes. The fire should be hot enough so that meat will brown beautifully on one side in that time. If steak or chops are very thick, more time will be needed.

Turn quickly, salt and brown on the second side. Serve at once.

When meat is carried from home, take one chop per person, wrap each one in oiled paper and carry in a tin bucket. Chops are easiest to serve as there is no carving, and each person receives an equally desirable portion.

## CAMPFIRE COOKERY

By H. Clyatt, Mess Steward,  
Fort Thomas, Ky.

"Campfire Cookery" for Soldiers, Scouts, Campers, Hikers, gives more than 75 convenient recipes, with tables of weights and measures; tables for conversion of recipes for different numbers of people; charts to help in ordering quantities; tables showing the amount of food needed for 21 meals for 7 days for 30 Scouts. Most of the recipes are made up on the basis of 100 Scouts, but the quantities for other numbers can easily be determined by the use of the tables. One of the best features is its convenient size: 5 x 2¾ inches, with rounded corners. The book may be obtained from the author at the address given above for \$1.00.

# THE CAMP AT GRAVEL POINT

(Continued from page 11)

Polly. Martha touched the letter in her note book and then decided to wait till later to read it.

"One thing at a time is enough," she said to herself. "I'm going to the library where I can sit still and think and if I can't get up some sort of a stunt in an hour's time I deserve to go to the foot of the class!"

Slipping into the library, she found a seat near the reference table and, with pencil and paper ready, she waited till she was fidgetty and still had not an idea in her head. "We might do a pantomime of a wild west show—but that's so stale. We might have a country school with the teachers in parody for pupils—but that's risky. Somebody would be sure to overdo a part and then there'd be trouble. We might—" and there she stopped.

A hushed "hiss" from behind her told her that Polly was near at hand and wanted her attention.

"I will *not* look," she said firmly to herself, and to make doubly sure that she did not turn her head, she looked fixedly at a pile of magazines on the table in front of her. And in a second, an idea, full grown and splendid, came into her mind. Why not act a magazine? Gripping her pencil, she scribbled line after line, setting down in black and white every detail of the wonderful idea, before it had a chance to take flight.

Then, for she had senior privileges and didn't have to wait for the end of the period to leave the library, she went down to get Miss Darrow's approval.

"I'm going to find out if it's all right before I say a word to anybody," she thought, "and then, if it goes at all, we can get right at it."

Miss Darrow not only approved but she was enthusiastic in her praise. "Honestly, that's the best stunt that has ever been thought of at this school, Martha," she said cordially. "I'll give you Miss Shaw for faculty adviser for it—you know she has a fine sense of humor and will love doing it."

Just then the bell rang and Miss Darrow added, "Wait a minute, Martha; I think we can catch Jacqueline now and then you won't have to come back later to meet her."

A stranger, dressed becomingly in a green and black sport skirt and green coat which set off her light brown hair, passed by the office door at that minute and turned at Miss Darrow's call.

"Jacqueline," said the dean, "this is Martha Harding. I told you I wanted you to meet her. I am sure she

she will see that you feel at home and that you meet some of the girls right away."

"Come up to the Girls' Club and eat your lunch," invited Martha; "you'll like the girls very much I know. And I venture to say," here Martha turned toward Miss Darrow, "that it won't be two days till some of the girls are calling her 'Jack'—we're great on nicknames here," she added with a bit of apology.

"I'd like that a lot," answered the new girl happily, "because that was what they all called me at home."

"Perhaps she can help you with your new stunt, Martha," suggested Miss Darrow. "She isn't sure about all of her credits, yet, but there would be no objection to her playing around with you senior girls for this first week."

Up in the lunch room that noon there was a decided sensation when Martha and Jacqueline arrived. It wasn't everyday that a girl, so pretty and so very friendly appearing came to school. And as though meeting her and passing around among the girls wasn't enough, there was Martha's idea for the stunt to talk of, too.

"Martha Harding," exclaimed Joe when Martha announced that they might act a magazine for their stunt, "if you don't think of the craziest things! Act a magazine! Who ever heard of the like? How are we going to do it?"

"Let George do it," interposed Tips; "did you know, girls, that that boy devours—yes, literally *devours* Judge when he goes back and forth on the L every day."

"Well, I wondered where he got all those so-called funny jokes he offers as original for the Grant High News," said Nan promptly, "now I see it all."

"Who cares about George anyway," interrupted Joe. "Nobody but Tips! Go on with the big idea, Martie."

"Acting a magazine would be as easy as anything," continued Martha, thus encouraged. "We could have a tableau for the cover—"

"That would have to be you," said Nan.

"I'll loan you my new feather hat," offered Peggy. "Can't you just see Martie with her goldy hair and brown eyes—and my hat?"

"Shut up," laughed Martha. "Let me finish. Then we could have some ads—tableaux you know and each one of you could think up one and have as many girls as possible in the thing because we all love to dress up."

"Me for dressing up," agreed Tips. "Tips Laughlin!" screamed Peggy

suddenly and so vigorously that the girls all jumped. "Girls, this is a senior stunt and that impudent junior sitting right here taking it all in."

"And we never thought," exclaimed Nan. "Now look here, Tips, you've got to promise not to tell, not to hint, not to *breathe* all this long week! And for goodness sake get out now before you hear any more."

"Since you so cordially urge me to stay," laughed Tips, "I will admit that I had a date in the hall, so fare thee well, ladies all. Never worry, girls, I'll not tell your old secrets," and she hurried out.

"Now, are we all seniors?" asked Martha as she shut the door and stood against it. "Miss Darrow said Jacqueline might be with us this week, so that is all right."

"Where's Marg?" asked Peggy.

A pounding at the door settled that question and Margy was let into the inner circle and the plan further unfolded.

"Then, after some ads," said Martha, "we could act same foolish love in pantomime. I have one written out here but we may improve on it as we act it out. There ought to be a great big heroine—"

"That's Nan," interrupted Peggy.

Martha nodded and continued, "and a small hero so he will look simply silly. Then a villain—"

"I want to be the villain," suggested Margy.

"And a vamp," added Martha. "I thought you could quality for that part."

"Meow, meow," mocked Margy; "listen to the pretty little kitty-cat!"

"And then the heroine will love the villain and be rescued by the hero who never once is impressed with the vamp but is true to his first love. And then she, I mean the heroine, of course, will finally turn back to him and the story will close with a touching fade-out, movie fashion."

"And make it very touching if it is to be movie fashion," suggested Joe.

"Then we can have some tableaux of fashions and some more ads and—that's all."

"Honestly, Martie," said Nan approvingly, "that's the cleverest idea. You certainly are one big darling to think it all up."

"Let's get to work and assign parts and work it out while we have time," suggested practical Peggy. "Margy, you take the ads and Nan take the fashions and Martie you take the play."

"What will you do?" asked Margy.

"I, oh, I'll be stage director," offered Peggy, "and property man and anything needed."



And so the fun began. If Jacqueline had had any fear of feeling lonesome in the new school, she lost it that first noon. For all the bustle and fun of that lunch hour showed her that girls who did things, girls who were active and happy, were the kind of girls she was meeting at the new school. And it wasn't two days till she was being called Jack, was loaning her best hat for the tableau and volunteering to help make up Ellen, who was to be the negro cook in the Cream of Wheat ad on Friday.

#### CHAPTER VIII

##### *Jacqueline's Suggestion*

THERE were no idle hours at Grant High that week. With all the rehearsals and conferences for the stunt party on Friday and the monthly exams, which of course had to come the same week, every girl had her hands full to overflowing and many a lunch was entirely forgotten.

"I'll declare," exclaimed Martha as she and Jack and Nan hurried away from the final rehearsal Friday noon, "if this week ever gets through and if ever again I have a chance to sit down and eat my whole lunch at one sitting—I won't know how to act."

"Cheer up," comforted Nan, "the stunt is going to be so good that it's worth all the work and bother—and that third hour affair was the last exam of the week—that's something to be thankful for anyway."

That afternoon, at the close of school, the gym was crowded. The fame of the Grant High Stunt Parties was considerable, and mothers and teachers as well as the girl students came to enjoy the fun. Boys, alas, could not be allowed, as the gym would barely hold the girls and leave room for the "stage" and the dressing rooms which were set off by folding screens.

The Junior stunt came first, for the seniors, who were the first to complete their plans had choice, had asked for last. The poor Juniors, on the other hand, hadn't decided their stunt until Thursday noon and had to take the only place on the program not taken—the undecided beginning. Their stunt was most impromptu, for there had been time for neither rehearsals or very much planning, but even the mistakes were funny and the audience giggled delightedly at both the planned and the unexpected fun. The Juniors acted out a country school, which was attended by all the faculty in its childhood, the very stunt Martha had thought of and discarded as too risky to be comfortable. Miss Darrow was tall, awkward "Susie" who giggled without excuse (Miss Darrow's pet

aversion was giggling!) and who never knew where to put her feet. Miss Voorhees, the pretty, dainty gym teacher who was marked for her New England dignity, had two rather remarkable braids that stuck out primly from just back of her ears and gave an almost grotesque look, to Helen's pretty face. This prim damsel would have nothing to do with the whispered friendships of her seatmates and scorned offers of gum and peppermints with such lofty scorn that the audience was threatened with hysterics!

But the "hero" of the afternoon was Tips Laughlin who, carefully disguising her slender figure with four great pillows, acted the cheerful part of the jolly music teacher, nicknamed Coxie, in a way that "brought down the house."

Joe Bauer led some practice cheers while the scenery from the school room needed by the juniors was cleared away and then the room was evaded by Sophs—almost every girl in the class was in the stunt—who, dressed as gipsies, went among the audience and told fortunes. This proved a popular stunt because every girl loves to hear a fortune and as the Sophs had been careful to read up on good fortunes only, they had pleasant futures to offer their admiring friends.

The Freshmen, who had been teased the whole year about their juvenile looks, took the subject by the horns, as it were, and had a baby party. A dozen of their liveliest members were dressed in cunning smocks of Oliver Twist coats and socks and sandals and were brought to the "party" by dotting "Mamas."

"Pretty good," laughed Tips as the tiniest Freshman of all started crying, "I want to go home to my Mama," at the top of her lungs. "I didn't know they had the nerve after the way we've teased them all year about being youngsters." And the proud freshman had the fun of dropping their curtain to a round of hearty applause.

"But what in the world is there left for the Seniors to do?" exclaimed a Sophomore when the Freshman stunt was over. "I can't see what there is left better than what we've had—yet everybody is talking about the senior stunt being the best ever."

"You just wait and see," promised Tips, who, if the truth be told, had been having a hard time the last day or so keeping secret all she knew about the senior stunt.

Fortunately, there wasn't long to wait. A dainty little girl, dressed in a quaint costume of olden times, ap-

peared in front of the improvised curtain and announced that a living magazine would be given by the seniors. Instantly the curtain dropped and there stood Martha—as pretty a picture as ever graced the front of any magazine. Her costume and pose copied the latest attractive cover on the *Saturday Evening Post* and brought a round of applause that would have delighted the artist could he have heard it.

Next came three tableaux of ads—one for breakfast food, one for a shampoo and one for hosiery, and while these pictures were being shown the dainty little announcer held up a huge sign which read—"Please patronize our advertisers." Then the "story" of the magazine, a thrilling tale of love and tragedy and detectives and vamps and true lovers was acted out in pantomime to the vast delight of the audience and satisfaction of the hard-working actors. A page of fashions, represented by four girls who wore four charming frocks, brought home from Paris only the month before by Flo's mother, was so popular that it had two encores. Four more ads, the last one being, "It's time to retire," closed the magazine and the whole audience burst into delighted applause. The senior stunt was voted the best ever, and the girls came in for a lot of congratulation and approval that well repaid them for their hard work.

It was a lucky thing for Jacqueline Palmer that she arrived in the school the very week of the stunt party, for in the fun of plans and rehearsals she got a quick acquaintance with the girls that, under other circumstances, wouldn't have come so easily. She was much disappointed the first of the next week to find that she couldn't be a senior after all—she had come to like the senior girls so well that she wanted them for her very own classmates.

"Never you mind," comforted Martha when Jacqueline told her the decision of the office, "the juniors are just as fine girls as you'll find anywhere. And really, you're lucky, you know, for you won't have to leave school so soon. Why from now till June is no time at all to spend in Grant High. I'm at the end of four years and, though I'll admit I'm crazy to get to college, I'm also sorry as can be to leave Grant High."

"Who's leaving?" asked Margy, who came around the corner by the gym just in time to hear the tale end of Martha's sentence. "Not you, are you, Jack?"

"Not that you could notice!" laughed Jack; "Martha's just com-

forting me because I can't leave it when she does."

"Look here, now, Miss Palmer," began Margy with mock seriousness, "we all know Martie's charm and all that, but the old school will really exist without her, and don't you start any crush business—leave that for freshmen."

"Crush?" repeated Jacqueline with puzzled laugh; "do tell me what a crush is? I hear about them all the time here."

"For your information," said Peggy, who joined the group just then, "a crush is a violent attack of heroine worship—painful to everybody but the worshipper. And if you want an illustration look at exhibit A—Polly and her crush for Martie."

"Tell her," suggested Nan, "about the charade we thought would cure her." And Margy told all the fun they had acting out the charade they were so sure would cure Polly.

"Well, didn't it?" asked Jack.

"Not one degree," sighed Martha.

"That child needs a new interest in life," said Peggy, repeating exactly the words Ruth had used some days before.

"Easy enough to say," replied Martha, "but what shall it be?"

"I know," exclaimed Jacqueline sitting up with sudden enthusiasm, she ought to be a scout."

"A what?" asked Peggy.

"A scout," repeated Jacqueline, "a girl scout."

"What's that?" asked Martha.

Jacqueline stared at them unbelievably.

"Do you girls mean to say that you don't know what girl scouts are?" she demanded.

"That's what we seem to be admitting," agreed Peggy. "I've heard of boy scouts, but I didn't know there were such things as girl scouts—are they the same?"

"As much as boys are like girls," said Jack. "I mean, girl scouts are for girls what boy scouts are for boys."

"Are you one?" asked Margy with interest.

"Yes, and proud to be," said Jack heartily.

"Well, then," suggested Peggy, "tell us about it."

The girls sat down on the steps in front of the gym and Jacqueline began.

"Girl Scouts are groups of girls who join together for work and for fun, and who belong to a national organization."

"Sort of a club?" asked Nan.

"Well, maybe," replied Jack doubtfully, "only we don't think of it that way—it really isn't like anything

else, girls, because the drills and fun and work and everything are all so mixed up together and it's all such fun that it's more than any club ever thought of being. We have tests and learn to cook and sew and take care of babies and drill and make uniforms—"

"You mean you have done all that?" interrupted Martha.

"Not all of it," said Jack modestly, "but I'm getting there. I have missed it so much up here."

"Aren't there any Girl Scouts in Chicago?" asked Peggy.

"I should say there are," laughed Jack, "only I haven't found them yet. Yesterday I telephoned to the scout headquarters here—"

"How'd you know where it was?" asked Nan.

"Found it in the telephone book," replied Jack, "and I asked where the nearest troop belonged."

"What's a troop?" asked Nan.

"It's one of the groups; didn't I tell you that?" asked Jack. "You see they don't call them clubs, because the whole thing is sort of military, that is the names and forms are; they call each organization a troop and each troop has a number. At the office they told me that Troop No. 17 meets over on Fifty-first Street, but quite a way west. All the same I'm going over Friday to visit, I'm just that homesick to see some of the scouts."

"Say, girls," exclaimed Margy, sitting up suddenly, "let's all go along and visit."

"May we, Jack?" asked Martha.

"Surely," replied Jacqueline heartily. "I know they'll love to have you, and really, girls, you can't tell a thing about girl scouts till you visit a meeting."

"Well, you'd better telephone to your troop that you're bringing us along," suggested Martha, practically, "so they can be warned before a mob descends upon them. How many of us want to go?"

"I'm going," said Nan.

"So'm I," said Peggy.

"Count on me," said Margy.

"And then Martie and me," added Jack; "that's only five—why, we used to have that many visitors often; but where shall we meet?"

"Let's go right after school so's not to lose any time," suggested Martha.

"Yes, let's," agreed Jack, "and I'll bring the address and you girls can tell me the easiest way to go."

And in their excitement about going they not one of them gave a thought to Polly—who really was the one they were going for.

(To be continued)



### FLYING PAT

*A New Art Film Production*

Almost every husband wants his wife to stay home and keep house—but it didn't seem necessary to "Pat's" husband—and why should it—when he had servants who had been in the family since before he was born! So he decided that his adorable bride should have a career and told her so. His bride, Patricia—called "Pat" for short, and perhaps because it suited her so much better, was only too glad to leave the house to the servants and make a name for herself.

Her husband owned an aeroplane factory—so what was more natural than that Pat should decide to fly, and fly she did—with a fascinating dare-devil aviator!

Nobody can make you laugh more than Dorothy Gish, and in this picture she is at her best. Her experiences in learning to fly—such as the test of her equilibrium whereby she is twisted and twirled upside down in the strangest machine—her first ride over New York—her feelings when she takes a tail spin—up to the time when she falls in a wreck—are all worth seeing.

Later on, Pat's husband gets a bit jealous of the aviator, so Pat leaves home—only to come back and discharge the cook—for she decides to cook herself. Then follow some of the funniest episodes of all—but we mustn't tell you about them—just go and see for yourself—you are sure to put in a most enjoyable evening.

### DON'T FORGET!

"The Golden Eaglet," your own moving picture, is always available for use at entertainments.



### GIRL SCOUTS! SERVE YOUR FAMILIES AND EARN MONEY

Every householder has chores that need to be done. Every Girl Scout knows how to do these chores. Some of them are interesting and can be done by squads. Lawn mowing, for example: In a suburban community four girls could work together, two pushing the lawn mower and spelling off another two who would be doing the less arduous work about the border, raking leaves and clipping the edges.

In the fall gardens need a lot of cleaning up. Girl Scouts could go about in squads and cover rose beds, transplant bulbs, cut perennials.

This work can be and should be well paid for. Scouts can learn and earn and know at the same time that they are doing a needed service.

Why not have the troop artist make little cards for distribution to the neighbors telling what sort of work you can do and how much it will cost—like this:

THE TOWNSPEOPLE OF GLENMORE  
Do you know your Girl Scouts?  
They are prepared to serve you.  
They know how. Give them a chance.

#### Rates

1. Washing dishes: breakfast in summer, 15c a day; dinner in summer 25c a day.
2. Garden work by the hour: 25c for 2 scouts; 50c for 4 scouts.
3. Lawn mowing by the space: up to 50 sq. ft. \$1.00, 4 scouts; larger lawns in proportion.
4. Delivering mail: 5c each delivery.
5. Newspapers delivered: 1c per paper.

Some of us can also mind the baby, run errands to the stores, wait on table.

All money earned is for the Troop. Make arrangements with Capt. Smith, 563 Park Lane, City.

One of the first things Edward Bok, the little Dutch boy who later became the editor of the well known magazine "The Ladies Home Journal" did when he had to help his father support his mother, was to start serving cold water at the station of the trolley going to Coney Island. Later when other boys took this up,

he changed to lemonade and increased his earnings.

Almost every Girl Scout troop is near a great motor highway where they could serve cold drinks, if only iced water, to passing motorists. Spell off with at least 4 girls. Make special rates for filling thermos bottles and other carriers. Sell candy, fruit and ice cream.

*The following letter has been received by Mrs. Choate from Missouri. It will undoubtedly suggest to many girls a new way in which they may be helpful and at the same time earn a little money for themselves.*

"Will you accept a suggestion from an old woman who is interested in the Girl and Boy Scout movement in America. There is a great scarcity of young apple trees noted in all the nursery catalogues and the price is greatly increased for the supply now available.

"The cause is lack of shipment of seedlings from France during and since the war. France formerly supplied the larger number of seedlings to American nursery men and during the war our nursery men were so busy producing other food products that the young tree enterprise was overlooked. Wouldn't it be a valuable work for our own nation if our Boy and Girl Scouts would engage in apple or other seedling growing? Save the fruit seeds and plant according to the Government or State University instructions and sell roots or graft upon the seedlings themselves. The Government pamphlet, Farmers'

Bulletin No. 15, U. S. Department of Agriculture, is free to all upon application.

"Incidentally, the Ames Iowa Experiment Station has found the Ben Davis seedlings unsatisfactory for parent purposes, because of softness of the wood and consequent shortness of life.

"The same minute attention to small economics in detail may be as valuable to our young Americans as it has been necessary and valuable to France in the past.

"As an added inducement to the growing of trees from the seeds of already known varieties, there is a possibility of discovering or developing new varieties. The nursery men are continually on the lookout for any new kinds and pay large sums of money for such. Witness the Starks Golden Delicious which brought its owners \$5,000.

"Respectfully yours,  
MRS. EMMA MASON."

#### DUTY—Tune: Margie

Girl Scouts, let's not forget our duty,  
Girl Scouts.

Let's show the world we're working,  
Always helping others we see.

We will find all joy and song in  
righting wrong for duty,

That's been our inspiration.

We are never blue.

After all our work is done,  
We will have our needed fun.

Oh, Girl Scouts, Girl Scouts are true.

G. E., Troop 1  
Rescoro, Pa.

## Scout Captains!

We will pay your Scout troop from \$25.00 to \$100.00 for a few hours' interesting work on the part of two or three of your members.

A quick and easy way to add to your uniform or other funds during the vacation season.

*Write at once for full particulars to*

**SUFFOLK PRESS**

Mattituck, Long Island, N. Y.



## Suggestions for Girl Scouts

WEB BELT WITH HOOKS, 55c.



### SCOUT KNIVES

(With special shield)  
No. 1 Four Blades,  
with can opener,  
screw driver and  
handy blade, \$1.50  
No. 2, 2 Blades, \$1.00  
(Both have Girl  
Scout Emblem en-  
graved on blade)

SCOUT WHISTLE, 20c

ARMY FIRST AID KIT, \$1.00  
ARMY FIRST AID POUCH, 60c

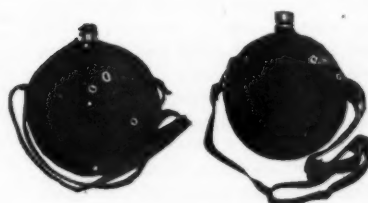


DOLL  
Price, \$2.00

### RING



10K Gold .....\$4.00  
Sterling Silver ..... 1.50



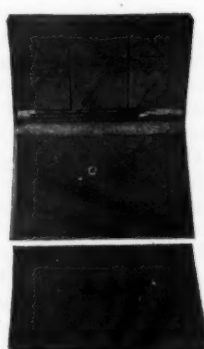
### CANTEENS

No. 2 Tin, \$1.50. No. 1 Aluminum \$2.75



### OVERNIGHT HAVERSACK

(Special)  
Price, 75c

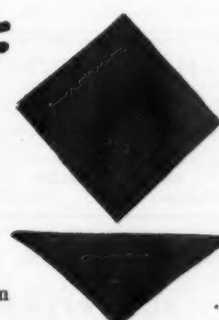


STATIONERY  
50c Box



"Closed"  
MESS KIT, No. 2  
\$1.75

MESS KITS  
No. 1 Aluminum  
\$3.50  
(6 parts)  
No. 1 Tin, with  
steel frying pan,  
\$2.50



Embroidered  
Handkerchiefs  
Linen, 40c  
Cotton, 25c



CUFF LINKS  
\$1.25 per pair

**National Supply Department**  
Girl Scouts

189 LEXINGTON AVENUE  
New York, N. Y.

# Plays! Plays!

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## CONVERTING MRS. NOSHUNS

(Continued from page 21)

Margaret bring small table on stage and serve lunch.)

Mrs. N.: Oh, I could not possibly eat anything.

Miss De K. (to Mrs. N.): Do try. You really ought to.

Mrs. N. (brightening up): Well, I suppose I must keep up my strength for the sake of the children. I am not the least hungry, but I do feel faint. (Starts fanning. Then Margaret takes the fan and continues. Mrs. N. eats greedily, protesting all the while.)

CURTAIN

ACT II

Mrs. Noshuns is alone at the front of stage, she is stretched out in a big camp chair and in her hand holds a Girl Scout Manual. She is dozing, but wakens suddenly and looks around afraid she has been seen. She begins to read.

Mary and Hilda are at the back of stage collecting the picture, modeling, etc. They come forward with the things in their hands.

Mary: We were afraid you were asleep, Mrs. Noshuns, and we didn't want to disturb you.

Mrs. N.: How could I sleep, my dear, when I am so worried about Sadie and Clara—has nothing been heard yet?

Mary: Not yet, but Miss De Kay thinks they will surely be back in a little while now.

Hilda: She sent us to see if there was anything we could do for you?

Mary: She thought you might be interested to see the merit girls' work—we're just going to put it away.

Mrs. N.: I don't mind your showing it to me. Anything that will help me not to think.

The girls bring the pictures, etc., and show her. They hold them so that they can be seen by the audience.

Mary: These girls are all working for the artist badge, you know.

Mrs. N. (interested in spite of herself, looking at a picture): Why, that's very good. You say one of the girls did that?

Hilda: And look at this modeling, isn't this splendid?

Miss De K. (comes on stage): What do you think of our artists, Mrs. Noshuns? Not so bad for young girls, is it?

Mrs. N.: I think they are very good indeed; of course, these girls have had lessons?

Miss De K.: Yes, they have all studied in school. All we can do is to try to encourage them at work at it, and to develop as much originality as possible—and, of course, the

competition and the badges help to keep up their interest.

(To the girls): You can put all these things to one side, girls, so that they will be ready when Miss Carrick comes.

(The girls go to back of stage and clear the easels, etc.)

Mrs. N. (to Miss de Kay): What am I to do about the girls? It's getting very late, and I am so worried.

Miss De K.: I'm sure we'll hear from them any moment. Here come some of the scouts now.

The Bird and Wild Flower girls come in.

First girl. Oh, Miss De Kay, what has happened?

Miss De K.: How do you mean, happened? What have you heard?

Mrs. N. (excitedly): Have the girls been found? Are they hurt; oh, tell me, I can bear the worst.

First girl (bewildered): I'm afraid I don't know much, but as we came along the trail above the little falls, we found these twigs. (She carries a few twigs in her hand and kneels down and quickly arranges them on the ground): You see here were three twigs, so, that means "don't follow this trail"—and these, so, mean "we have gone this way." And then here was the sign for "trouble." But these seemed to be such a lot of girls out, that we thought we had better come back to camp and report.

Miss De K.: Quite right. The girls are all out looking for Sadie and Clara Noshuns, but we hope they have found them surely by now. I suppose they left the signs so that any of the other patrols who came that way wouldn't cover the ground they had just been over. The "trouble" probably means that they hadn't found the girls yet, but they may have been some time ago. Did you girls have a successful morning?

Second girl: Oh, splendid, Miss De Kay. There were a lot of new birds in the pine woods. We saw six varieties we didn't have before.

Third girl. And just look at all the wild flowers we found. Here are (names flowers. She shows a handful of flowers.)

Mary has gone to the back of stage and is looking off with semaphore in her hand.

Mrs. N.: How can you talk about birds and flowers when my girls are still lost?

First girl: But, Mrs. Noshuns, they can't be really lost, you know, not right around here—they are just—just—misplaced.

Second girl: We all of us, used to get lost that way when we first came

to camp, and before we learned how to find our way about. Didn't we, Miss De Kay?

Mrs. N.: But Sadie and Clara know nothing about the trails, and suppose they weren't found before dark?

Mary (*who is signalling violently at back*): They're found! They're found!

Mrs. N.: Where? Where?

Miss de K. (*watching Mary's flag and restraining Mrs. Noshuns*): Wait a minute and Mary will tell us.

Mary (*stops signalling and is watching intently. She turns and interprets*). They are both found and are on their way back. Clara fell among some rocks and is a little hurt and they are carrying her in. But it's nothing serious. Sadie is all right. (*She turns and waves an answer*). They're only a little way off. They'll be here any moment.

Mrs. N.: Oh, my poor little Clara—I must go and meet her. Which way will they come? (*She looks around uncertainly*).

Miss De K. (*restraining her*): I think you had better wait here, Mrs. Noshuns; there are two or three trails which they might take, and if Clara is even a little hurt it is better to let them bring her in as quickly as possible. (*To the girls*): Julia, you run over and tell cook to have some water boiling, and (*to another*) you—(name) go to my tent and bring me my First Aid kit. (*girls run off*).

Mrs. N.: Oh, Miss De Kay, you don't think she is really injured, do you?

Miss De K.: No, I am sure she isn't; only we may need a bandage or two. Don't be anxious, Mrs. Noshuns; you mustn't let yourself get all worked up.

Mrs. N. (*who has been walking excitedly about*): It's all very well for you to be so calm, Miss De Kay—you don't know what it is to be a mother.

Miss De K.: But I know what it is to have three hundred girls to look out for.

One of the girls who has been looking off stage: Here they come. They all step back as a group of girls come in carrying a stretcher. It is a sort of triumphal entry, for though Clara's head is bandaged she is sitting up and looking very cheerful.

Mrs. N. (*rushes over to Clara, and the stretcher bearers stand still*): Oh, my poor little Clara, what has happened?

Clara: Nothing much, Mama, dear—only I hurt my foot a little, and I've had a fine ride back.

Mrs. N.: And your head? What have you done to your head?

First bearer: It's only a little cut, Mrs. Noshuns, but we thought it safer to cover it.

Clara (*putting her hand up to her head*): Oh, yes; I forgot about this—don't I look like a wounded soldier, Mama?

More and more girls have come on stage.

(*Miss De Kay has been examining Clara's ankle.*)

Miss De K.: It's hardly more than a strain; but I think that it would be just as well to bandage it so she can walk on it safely.

Two or three girls: Oh, please, may I?

(*Miss De Kay chooses one among them and the ankle is quickly bound up. All watch interestedly.*)

Mrs. N.: But no one has told me yet how it happened (*looking around*). And where is Sadie?

One girl: Oh, she'll be here pretty soon, but she's all tired out; she was carrying Clara, you see, and walking in those dreadful shoes.

Another girl: Yes, Sadie was perfectly fine; she'd make a dandy Scout.

Miss De K.: But tell us what happened.

First girl: Well, you see, Clara wandered off while Sadie was reading and she came to the fork in the brook, you know, and she followed the fork, and when it got sluggish, you remember that place?—she got all mixed up and couldn't tell which way she had come.

Another girl: Of course, if she'd thrown a stick in she could have told which way it was running.

First girl: Well, she didn't, and she got frightened and began to run and fell among the rocks.

Another girl: And Sadie, followed the main brook at first, and went a long ways and finally came back and found Clara and tried to carry her home. And we followed Sadie's trail, and that's what took us so long, for she waded the brook and came down on the other side and it put us off the track. But here's Sadie now.

A group of girls come in; they are carrying the picnic basket, wraps, etc., and Sadie is limping in the middle with her fancy shoes all cut and her dress torn.

Sadie (*running over to Mrs. Noshuns*): Oh, mother; I'm so sorry. It was all my fault (*turning to Clara and almost crying*). Is she much hurt?

Clara: I'm all right, Sadie; don't cry.

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Sadie tried to carry Clara in on her back and she must have gone a mile or so before we found her.

Mrs. N.: I'm not going to scold you, Sadie; I think you have had punishment enough; but I have been dreadfully anxious.

Sadie: I'm so sorry—I'll never let Clara wander off again.

Miss De K.: I'm sure you mean that, Sadie. And now I think some of you girls had better take Sadie and Clara to have something to eat while the others make ready for the ceremony. Miss Carrick may be here any moment (to Mrs. Noshuns). Perhaps you would like to go with the girls and then I hope you will stay and see the ceremony.

Mrs. N. (hesitating): Why, I thank you very much but—

Clara: Oh, please, Mama, let us stay. (Sadie comes up and puts her arm around her mother).

Mrs. N.: Why! Thank you; yes, we'd like to, very much.

All the girls: Good! Good! (they go off.) Two of the big girls make a chair with their hands and carry Clara off between them.

Miss De Kay and some of the girls remain and quickly arrange the stage for investiture. The light grows a little dimmer.

One girl (comes in): Miss Carrick has come.

Miss De K.: Then sound the assembly.

The bugler sounds the call. All girls come back and Mrs. Noshuns, Sadie and Clara, come in and take their places on one side. When they are all in place, Miss Carrick comes in.

Miss Carrick greets the girls and then proceeds with the Golden Eagle ceremony, awarding the Merit Badges. When the ceremony is over Mrs. Noshuns comes forward.

Mrs. N.: I know you'll think I've changed my mind very quickly after all I said to you last week. Miss De Kay. But today has been a real eye-opener to me, so if you'll take Sadie and make a scout of her, I'll be most grateful and—proud.

Miss De K.: Oh, Mrs. Noshuns; do you really mean it? This is splendid of you. Oh! I'm so glad.

Mrs. N. (still very earnestly): Oh, it isn't any credit to me, Miss De Kay. A blind man could see the difference between your scouts and my girls today, and I realize what they get here is something I couldn't give them at home no matter how hard I tried. Well, I must go, but I'll never forget your kindness and (with a little break in her voice), after last week, too.



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Girls: Three cheers for Mrs. Noshuns (*they cheer*).

Mrs. N.: You know, I'm most scared to drive the car home. I'm all of a tremble.

Miss De Kay: I'm sure we have some one who could take you down. (*To the girls*): Girls, which of you can drive a Ford. (*All the girls step forward eagerly.*)

Miss De K. (*laughing*): What! All of you? (*to Ruth*): Well, Ruth, I'm sure I can trust you. Will you take Mrs. Noshuns home?

Ruth: I'd be very glad to.

Mrs. N.: It will be awfully kind of you (*hesitates, looking at Sadie*): Sadie, I wish you could stay or now.

Girls: Oh, do let her—please.

Sadie (*trying to do her duty*): Don't you think you'll need me to help with Clara, mother?

Mrs. N.: Oh, I can manage Clara and I could send you up some other clothes this evening.

Miss De K.: We would be very glad to have Sadie stay if you feel you could spare her, Mrs. Noshuns.

Mrs. N.: Thank you so much—I'll be glad to have her (*to Sadie*). And Sadie, I hope you'll learn to be a real Girl Scout.

Sadie: Oh, mother; I'll try.

First girl: Come on, Sadie; I know I have a uniform that will fit you.

Mrs. N.: Good-bye, then!

Two girls pick up Clara and run off the stage with her, and Mrs. Noshuns follows. Some of the girls carrying her wraps and baskets. A number of girls come in carrying wood for the camp fire. They build the fire.

Miss Carrick: Come, girls; sit around the fire. I want to hear how the new songs are going.

They quickly get their instruments and sit about the fire, as they sing the lights grow dim, until the stage is quite dark except for the glow from the fire.

Between the songs Sadie and the other girls come back. Sadie is in middle blouse and bloomers.

Girls: Oh, here you are, Sadie! (*They make a place for her.*)

Song.

CURTAIN

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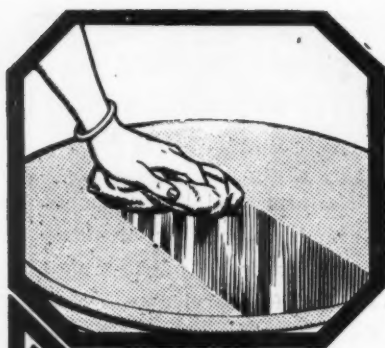


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### PEGGY'S SUMMER (Continued from page 7)

unusual, even for Peggy. It was incoherent, but effective, and ended in one enthusiastic burst:

"And Adelaide is the most beautiful girl I ever knew—she has a kitchen garden every Thursday for the little poor children, and I help with the singing. She rides beautifully—rises dreadfully to her trot—and there is a horse for me, Lady Jane. I love her dearly—Adelaide, I mean. She keeps the house and manages. Aunt Margaret says she meant for me to invite five or six of the girls to stay through August if I like, and when I said Dick was coming for a week, she said yes, and to bring three or four friends with him and there was fishing—trout. They can have the East Wing—tell him he needn't sleep in

the attic! I don't see Aunt Margaret often—she is like a real god-mother. But you go in at night and tell her about things, and she is pleased at that, I think. She says I am most like Pater—I showed her all the pictures—and that she doesn't wonder I am his 'nearest daughter.' What a cunning thing that is to say, isn't it? Ask him if I am! Adelaide does French every day with me. She can do anything. But she seems younger than Janet.

"You see, it will be a real house-party, when they all come. Win Richardson was dying to go to one. It will be such fun to ask her! Did Pater know how grand it was here? I think he did—Aunt Margaret only laughs when I ask her. Perhaps there will be a Christmas party in the vacation—she said for Pater to think about it. My room is beautiful, as I said, and I am very, very happy. I wear the shade-hat a great deal to drive in. Give my love to them all, and tell Dick to hurry up. I suppose he will bring Arthur, and he can work a new picture instead of the Square Peg one. It will have to be a beautiful one!

"With lots of love,

"Peggy."

THE END.

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### AN ISLAND ADVENTURE

(Continued from page 13)

voice sounded like an angel chorus in the buzzing ears of the almost exhausted girl.

Kate lifted Betty from her shoulders, and pulled them both to the shore.

Marjorie opened her eyes, and gazed up at the anxious faces about her.

"Betty," she murmured.

Bernice grasped her hand. "Betty's all right. Marj—Marj, you're—you're"—she choked and turned away.

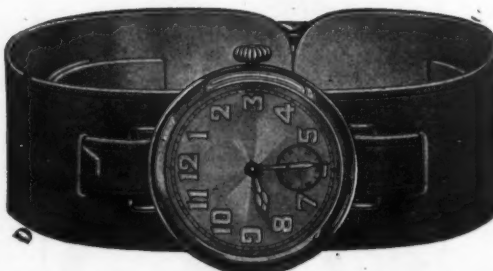
"You're our heroine, Marj," said Kate.

THE END

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4x6 ft.	Wool .....	9.10	20c " "
Semaphore Flags, per pair .....			75c
Morse Code Flags .....			each, 60c

## Make Your Own Uniforms at Home and Save Money

With our "Ready to Sew" garments any Girl Scout can make her own uniform in a "Jiffy" and have one that fits better, looks better and is better. Material all cut out. Illustrated charts and complete instruction with each garment.

### Prices of Ready To Sew Uniforms

Size	10	12	14	16	18	38	40	42
Long Coat .....	\$3.00	\$3.00	\$3.00	\$3.00	\$3.00	\$3.50	\$3.50	\$3.50
Short Coat & Skirt	5.00	5.00	5.00	5.00	5.00	5.50	5.50	5.50
Skirts, Extra ....	1.75	1.75	1.75	1.75	1.75	2.25	2.25	2.25
Bloomers .....	1.75	1.75	1.75	1.75	1.75	1.75	1.75	1.75

## Notice

With each ready to sew garment the necessary buttons and G. S. lapels are given FREE

Girl Scout National Supply Dept.

189 LEXINGTON AVENUE  
NEW YORK CITY

# OFFICIAL GIRL SCOUT UNIFORMS



LONG COAT  
READY MADE

Size 10 to 18.....	\$4.00
Size 38 to 42.....	4.50
READY TO SEW	
Size 10 to 18.....	3.00
Size 38 to 42.....	3.50



SHORT COAT AND SKIRT SUIT  
READY MADE

Size 10 to 18.....	\$6.00
Size 38 to 42.....	7.00
READY TO SEW	
Size 10 to 18.....	5.00
Size 38 to 42.....	5.50



OFFICIAL KHAKI HAT  
Price, \$1.50

HEAD	all sizes	SIZE
20 3/4 in. ....		6 3/4
21 1/4 " .....		6 3/4
21 1/2 " .....		7
22 " .....		7 1/4
22 3/4 " .....		7 1/4
23 1/4 " .....		7 1/4
23 1/2 " .....		7 1/2
23 3/4 " .....		7 1/2
24 1/4 " .....		7 3/4
24 1/2 " .....		8

## MIDDY BLOUSES

### READY MADE

Middy, khaki — official uniform—

Sizes 10 to 42.....\$1.75

Middy, white, natural—

Sizes 10 to 42.....\$1.25

## BLOOMERS (Khaki)

### READY MADE

Sizes 10 to 42.....\$2.25

### READY TO SEW

Size 10 to 42.....\$1.75



MIDDY BLOUSE AND BLOOMERS

(Please Order by Size)

**National Supply Department**

(GIRL SCOUTS)

189 LEXINGTON AVENUE

New York City

